

IMPROVEMENT ERA

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS AND THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS



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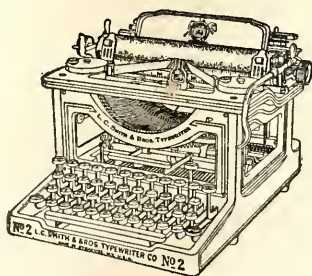
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J. P. RUDY writes from Vernal, February 18, 1910, "I am deeply interested in the IMPROVEMENT ERA and often wonder how I got along without it before I became a subscriber."

ELDER A. T. CLAWSON, writing from Derby, England, says: "We elders always look forward to the time for the ERA to reach the English shores? The subscribers in this land are more than pleased with the magazine. Many say it is the best they have ever read."

A GOOD THING about the ERA is that its readers all over the world are regarded and esteemed as friends. The many cordial letters, and words of encouragement that come through the mail to the editors are witnesses of this truth. Thanks for the words of encouragement. We are sure with such appreciation the ERA will not lack workers to increase its circulation, and thus, its usefulness.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, APRIL, 1910.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,	} Editors	HEBER J. GRANT, Business Manager
EDWARD H. ANDERSON,		MORONI SNOW, Assistant

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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XIII.

APRIL, 1910.

No 6.

Joseph Smith's Doctrines Vindicated.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

II.

The Existence of a Plurality of Divine Intelligences.

The trend of teaching by professors in universities of America is supporting the ideas expressed by Joseph Smith in relation to Deity; not by direct affirmation, of course, but by natural implication, they sustain his doctrines in relation to Deity. Let me call your attention to what the prophet taught on the subject of Deity, by quoting one paragraph from a discourse delivered by him in 1844. I think this one paragraph presents in one view the essential things the prophet had to say about God:

What sort of a being was God in the beginning? Open your ears and hear, all ye ends of the earth. . . . God himself was once as we are now, and is an exalted man, and sits enthroned in yonder heavens. That is the great secret. If the veil was rent today, and the great God who upholds this world in its orbit, and who upholds all worlds and things by his power, was to make himself visible—I say if we were to see him today, you would see him like a man in form, like yourself in all the present image and very form as a man: for Adam was created in the very fashion, image, and likeness of God, and received instructions from

and walked and talked and conversed with him, as one man talks and communes with another. .

This doctrine met with the cry of "Blasphemy!" even more pronouncedly than the Prophet's doctrine respecting man. The general conception of orthodox Christendom in relation to God was that he was an incorporeal being, that he was without body; by which they meant that he was not matter; that he was immaterial and without form. They adopted the old pagan idea that God was without parts, without passions; that he was without quality, as a matter of fact, if these other descriptions of him were true.

What is the inevitable outgrowth of the doctrines of these professors in our universities, from what was said in part I, of this treatise? It is that there is in man a divine spirit: that man is "God manifested in the flesh." From this, the question very naturally arises: Do men become immortal? Are there any means by which men may become eternal entities—immortal individuals? If so, would they be any less incarnations of a divine spirit in their immortal state than they are now as mortals? The answer is obvious; and if only it be admitted that man may become immortal, then the doctrine of Joseph Smith respecting God receives strong support by necessary implication from the aforesaid teachers of the universities; for if it be true, as we now are assured it is by these teachers, that "man is God made manifest;" that "focused in the mind of man are all the dynamic forces of the universe"—then truly it is that such doctrines cannot be far removed from the bold announcement of Joseph Smith, that "God himself was once as we are now, and is an exalted man, and sits enthroned in yonder heavens." To make complete the support of Joseph Smith's doctrines from the teachings of the universities, it only becomes necessary to say that the individual man persists; that he becomes as man, body and spirit, immortal. Let these declarations be made: The spirit in man is divine—he is an incarnation of God; man will become immortal. Say this and then the whole doctrine of Joseph Smith, both as to man and as to God, receives perfect support from the trend of university teachings, as represented by Mr. Bolce's papers here being discussed; and there is

no escaping that conclusion. Hold to the first proposition, namely, that the spirit of man is divine, then the question resolves itself merely into this: Is there such a thing as resurrection from the dead for man? The Christ answers, Yes; and proclaims himself to be the "resurrection and the life;" and the "first fruits of the resurrection."

Paul most eloquently argues for the reality of the resurrection from the dead; indeed, his whole ministry had this as its foundation. You will remember how he argues the question in the 15th chapter of First Corinthians; wherein he masses the Christian testimony for the resurrection of the Christ; and after massing it he then declares that if Christ was not raised from the dead, then the faith of the Saints was vain, and men were still in their sins, and were without hope in the world; for it is only through Christ that men might hope for the resurrection from the dead. Not only does the Christ and Paul argue for this great fact yet to be realized in man's experience, but you will find very many Christian philosophers who are arguing today for the same truth. Among these scientists is one who is among the first scientists of the English speaking people of today, Sir Oliver Lodge, who, in speaking upon the subject of the resurrection, in his recent work, *Science and Immortality*, says:

It is clear that Christianity, both by its doctrines and its ceremonies, rightly emphasizes the material aspect of existence. For it is founded upon the idea of incarnation; and its belief in some sort of bodily resurrection is based on the idea that every real personal existence must have a double aspect, not spiritual alone, nor physical alone, but in some way both. Such an opinion, in a refined form, is common to many systems of philosophy, and is by no means out of harmony with science.

That is the declaration of one of the foremost scientists of our day! Continuing he says:

Christianity, therefore, reasonably supplements the mere survival of a discarnate spirit, a homeless wanderer or melancholy ghost, with the warm and comfortable clothing of something that may legitimately be spoken of as a "body;" that is to say, it postulates a supersensually appreciable vehicle or mode of manifestation, fitted to subserve the needs of terrestrial

life; an etherial or other entity constituting the persistent "other aspect," and fulfilling some of the functions which the atoms of terrestrial matter are constrained to fulfil now. And we may assume, as consonant with or even as part of Christianity, the doctrine of the dignity and sacramental character of some physical or quasi-material counterpart of every spiritual essence.

In other words, Sir Oliver evidently believes in something equivalent to the resurrection of man; that there will be some sort of quasi-material substance that shall form the future clothing of man's spirit, suitable to the future states of its existence and experiences.

Now, my friends, the point is this: If our professors, as we see they do, insist that there is incarnate in man a divine spirit, and we get men through the veil of death, and they become immortal men, possessing immortal tabernacles, what have you here but the "superman" of the professors, or the "exalted man" of Joseph Smith's doctrine? And if we postulate for these immortals, as both Joseph Smith and the professors do, a limitless opportunity for progress and development, then indeed it is not impossible that man may approach, somewhat, even to the excellence of his Father and of his elder brother, Jesus Christ.

This brings me to the consideration of another thought in connection with Joseph Smith's doctrine, namely, the doctrine that there is a plurality of divine intelligences in the universe—"Lords many and Gods many," as Paul would say.

It was supposed that Joseph Smith was guilty of great blasphemy, when he announced to the world that in the great vision of God, given to him, he beheld two personages, each resembling the other, and that they spake to him; and one said to the other, calling the prophet by name, "This is my beloved Son; hear him." Since Joseph represented that there were two divine personages—Father and Son—separate and distinct, one from the other, he was charged with having uttered a great blasphemy. Such a statement was at variance with the orthodox conception of Deity. It had been held in the creeds of men—notwithstanding they professed belief in God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit—that somehow or other the three persons of the Godhead were but one essence or substance: were but one entity, and not three sepa-

rate and distinct personages or individuals. But if the doctrine considered in part I of this treatise be true as to the spirit in man being divine; and if that spirit goes through the resurrection and becomes an immortal personage—still divine—what is the result? The result must be that there are a multitude of divine intelligences; which is only another way of saying with Paul, and Joseph Smith, that there are “Lords many and Gods many.” And so the inevitable result of the teachings in our universities leads to the support of this doctrine that was announced to the world by the Prophet Joseph Smith, that there are a multitude of divine Intelligences in the heavens—angels and arch-angels; and Gods who meet in solemn councils—David’s “congregation of the mighty,” where God “judgeth among the Gods”—to generate the wisdom that is present through the universe that has been brought from chaos into cosmos by the wisdom and power of these divine intelligences. But as “pertaining to us,” there is one Godhead appointed to preside from among these Intelligences—the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. And this Godhead, or grand presidency, does preside over our world and the spheres that are associated with it: with our earth and its heavens.

This doctrine of the existence of a plurality of divine Intelligences has further support by a very eminent professor—no less a personage than Professor James, late of Harvard university. Within the year, his lectures before Oxford university, England, have been published, and this work bears the title *A Pluralistic Universe*. The outcome of Professor James’ learned discussion of all the questions involved in this subject is to the effect that instead of the universe being, as he satirically speaks of it, when referring to the monistic view of it—“a solid block,” it is a pluralistic universe. One of his passages runs as follows:

I propose to you that we should discuss the question of God, without entangling ourselves in advance in the monistic assumption. Is it probable that there is a superhuman consciousness at all, in the first place? When that is settled, the further question whether its form be monistic or pluralistic is in order (page 295).

This question as to their being a “superhuman consciousness” the professor decides in the affirmative as at least probable; and

then he announces that the only way to escape from the inconsistencies of other theories "is to be frankly pluralistic and assume that the superhuman consciousness, however vast it may be, has itself an external envelopment, and consequently is finite" (page 311).

"The line of least resistance, then, as it seems to me," he adds, "both in theology and philosophy, is to accept, along with the superhuman consciousness, the notion that it is not all-embracing, the notion, in other words, that there is a God, but that he is finite, either in power or in knowledge, or in both at once. These, I need hardly tell you, are the terms in which common men have usually carried on their active commerce with God; and the monistic perfections that make the notion of him so paradoxical practically and morally are the colder addition of remote professorial minds, operating in *distans* upon conceptual substitutes for him alone" (page 311). Professor James also explains that present day Monism carefully repudiates complicity with Spinozistic Monism, "in that, it explains, the many get dissolved in the one and lost, whereas in the improved, idealistic form they get preserved in all their manyness as the one's eternal object. The absolute itself is thus represented by absolutists as having a pluralistic object. But if even the absolute has to have a pluralistic vision, why should we ourselves hesitate to be pluralists on our own sole account? Why should we enfold our 'many' with the 'one' that brings so much poison in its train?" (Page 311).

Addressing himself directly to Oxford men on the movement of late towards pluralistic conceptions of the universe, professor James says: "If Oxford men could be ignorant of anything, it might almost seem that they had remained ignorant of the great empirical movement towards a pluralistic panpsychic view of the universe, into which our own generation has been drawn, and which threatens to short-circuit their methods entirely and become their religious rival unless they are willing to make themselves its allies" (page 313).

The professor also insists that by taking the system of the world pluralistically we banish what he calls our "foreignness"—by which I understand him to mean our apartness from the world (*i. e.*, universe). "We are indeed internal parts of God, and not

external creations, on any possible reading of the panpsychic system. Yet because God is not the absolute, but is himself a part when the system is conceived pluralistically, his functions can be taken as not wholly dissimilar to those of the other smaller parts,—as similar to our functions, consequently. “Having an environment, being in time, and working out a history just like ourselves, he escapes from the foreignness from all that is human, of the static, timeless, perfect absolute. * * * No matter what the content of the universe may be, if you only allow that it is many everywhere and always, that nothing real escapes from having an environment, so far from defeating its rationality, as the absolutists so unanimously pretend, you leave it in possession of the maximum amount of rationality practically obtainable by our minds. Your relations with it, intellectual, emotional and active, remain fluent and congruous with your own nature's chief demands” (pages 318, 319).

We have not time, of course, to enter into all the explanations and arguments that Professor James enters upon in treating this subject, but the purpose of his whole work is to establish the idea that the unity one discovers in the laws and forces of our universe, grows out of a “free harmony of individual entities;” that the absolute reality is a system of self-active beings forming a unity; and hence, he concludes the world to be “a pluralistic universe.” With this view Professor Howison, of the University of California, agrees, if I understand him aright, in his contribution to a volume on the *Conception of God*. And so this doctrine of a plurality of divine Intelligences existing in the universe, as taught by our prophet, is receiving confirmation by the works and the philosophizing of some of the foremost learned men of our age and country, and, for that matter, of the world.

Perhaps you will be putting to me the question: What of all this? Why discuss questions of this character? What spiritual or moral force may one gather from a contemplation of such themes? Well, in the first place, to Latter-day Saints, those who have faith in the dispensation of the fulness of times and in the Prophet Joseph Smith—does it mean nothing to you to find the inspirations of God in this man confirmed by the conclusions of plodding philosophers who come trailing in seventy-five years after

the words of the prophet have gone forth to the world? After he has been denounced as charlatan, as false prophet and deceiver, for advancing the truths we have been considering—does it mean nothing to you to find that the truths which he stood for are permeating the philosophies of men and receiving the sanction and approval of the learned? It means much to me; it gives confirmation to my faith; and I rejoice in the triumph that the truth is achieving. Then to all, whether Latter-day Saints or not, it seems to me that to have fixed in the mind, in the consciousness, the thought of the reality of things—the reality of God, the reality of the divine in man, the consciousness that this spirit within us is of a divine nature, and that it is capable of attaining to something really good and great—to something really worth while—to goodness, power and glory, to have that thought present to consciousness, as we go about the duties of life—to feel that “for a wise and glorious purpose God has placed us here on earth,” and has merely “withheld the recollection of our former friends and birth”—to be conscious of all this, I say, is to gather strength for the battle of life. To feel that we, in the essence of us, are one with God, and that he envelops us closely about by spiritual influences that we can call to our assistance—to be conscious of the fact that our life is part of God’s life—to be conscious of this is to banish from us the thought of failing in life. We gather spiritual strength, and force and power to meet the responsibilities and duties of life, by contemplation of these high themes. This is the practical effect of these doctrines—we know that our life touches the life of God; that our life is one with God’s life, and this inspires to noble efforts, out of which may grow the highest and most glorious results possible to human life.

(THE END.)

Energy the Motive Power.

The longer I live the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and powerful, the great and insignificant—is energy, invincible determination—a purpose once formed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything that is to be done in the world; and no two-legged creature can become a man without it.—*Buxton.*

Peoples and Places in the Orient.

BY FRANK J. HEWLETT, DIRECTOR OF THE UTAH STATE FAIR AND
PRESIDENT OF HEWLETT BROS. COMPANY.

VIII.—Jottings in Japan.

Two privileges extended to trans-Pacific passengers are highly appreciated: one, the allowance of three hundred pounds of baggage; the other, the purser's right to give you first class rail-



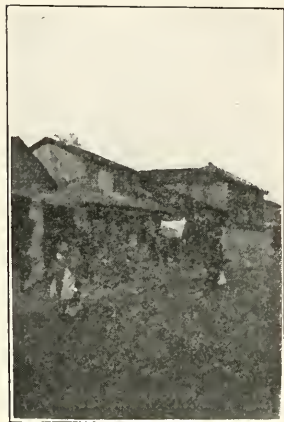
Bulls Carrying Rails for the Mountain
Railroad.

way tickets with stop-over privileges between Kobe and Yokohama. There is no extra charge except the government tax imposed on every tourist, whether he travel by rail or steamship, or by the electric cars of Tokyo, Osaka or Yokohama. The fare is from three cents to twenty-five, according to distance, for the first class; from two to twelve cents for the second

class; and a half cent to two cents for third class travelers. The fare is light on the third class, the longest trip being only an extra two cents.

We decided to travel by train on "The Imperial Government Tokaido Railway." Seven trains a day leave Kobe for Yokohama and Tokyo. Sleeping and dining cars are attached, built in English fashion. You can easily distinguish your coach. The first

class is distinguished by a white stripe, the second by a blue, the third by a red one. Your tickets are colored to correspond. The station is crowded with men, women and children, for the Japanese



Country Street Scene, Japan.

have the traveling-fever and ride gleefully about the country. They carry so many bags and bundles that one is constantly reminded of Americans as they appear just before Christmas. On each side of the track, European style, is a station, and no one but the traveler is allowed on the platform without a special ticket purchased for a nominal sum.

We are crowded against the gates, the bell rings, our tickets are shown to the uniformed gate-keeper, but are not taken up until we arrive at our destination. The conductor, a bright lad of eighteen, directs us to a

comfortable seat. We are now interested in watching the other passengers troop down the platform, their clogs raising discordant sounds in the ears of the musically inclined. You see friends parting, with bows and smiles, for there is no kissing nor shaking of hands in Japan. A shrill whistle, and the train starts. We pass by the stations and notice two signs; one in Japanese characters, the other in English, showing the number of miles to the next station, and the points of interest worth visiting.

The conductors and trainmen are dressed in blue uniforms. They pay strict attention to the wants of their passengers. Only first class passengers are allowed to leave the train at the different stations along the Tokaido line. Our coach is almost filled with young men neatly dressed in white suits and wearing straw hats. They are students on their way to the Tokyo seats of learning. All are smoking cigarettes, laughing, chatting and playing pranks on each other, as students of their age can enjoy. They started the "scissors and stone game," one of their favorite amusements; and to my surprise every word was spoken in fairly good English. Tired of this game, one of them produced a comic

weekly, which was passed from one to the other, amid shouting and loud laughter. When they were through, I asked permission to look at the paper which had created so much merriment. It was the *Tokyo Puck*, a comic weekly modeled along the lines of its New York contemporary of the same name, in typographical appearance, but differing in the character of its humor. This publication is entirely the product of Japanese brains and labor, but it appears with a dual dress—English and Japanese. Its illustrated jokes and cartoons have their Japanese legend attached, at the right hand side of the picture, running vertically, and their English underneath.

This particular cartoon represented a Japanese student seated



Returning from the Field.



Japanese Children's Game—
Stick and Hoop.

in an easy chair with an almond-eyed maiden on his knee. His arm was gently stealing around her waist, while he uttered burning words of love in her willing ears. Over the door was perched a large owl, looking wise, and wondering what was to follow. What amused the Oriental youths so much was the love-making ways of the Occident, which were thus being introduced into the "Land of the Rising Sun." Cupid is shy to the young people of Japan. There are no love comedies and tragedies. The parents decide the important question. Both the interested parties have confidence in their judgment; and, though they may never have

seen their future partner until the wedding day, a Japanese marriage is generally a happy one.

Our first stop was at Osaka, the Pittsburg of Japan, population 995,000, noted for its wealth and large manufactories. The city is intersected by canals and rivers, crossed by hundreds of substantial bridges. The principal sights are the Imperial Mints and the Osaka Castle. An electric car line connects Osaka with Kobe.

We next visit Kyoto, the third city in size, and the capital of old Japan. This is a city of palaces and temples, almost surrounded by ranges of rugged hills, forming an ideal background to the delightful picture of the city nestling in the green fields and densely wooded slopes. Through the heart of it all glide the silvery waters of the Kamo river, spanned by picturesque old bridges. Kyoto stands one hundred and sixty-two feet above the level of the sea, and covers an area of about eleven square miles. Its inhabitants number close to 375,000, considerably fewer than during the early days of the Tokugawa-Shogunate, when the city was at the height of its prosperity, prior



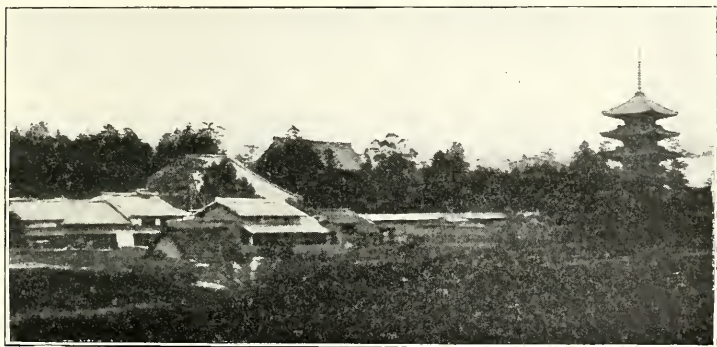
Japanese Home in Rural District.

to the removal of the capital to Tokyo. The train stops at nearly every station. On the platforms are venders of newspapers, teapots of tea, fruits, colored candies, and new wooden boxes, about the size of a brick, containing rice, fish, and condiments. About dusk we arrived at Shidzuoka, the great tea

center, built almost in the shadow of Fujiyama, the peerless mountain of Japan. We had telegraphed for accommodations at the Daitokan hotel, as we expected to remain in this important city of the Tokaido line for some time. We were fortunate in securing a place, as many of the tea, lacquer-ware, porcelain and bamboo buyers were located at the Japanese inns.

Bright and early next morning we rode in our jinrikisha through a beautiful country in the Shidzuoka prefecture, first

through a bamboo grove, next through a typical lane bordered by shrubs and flowers. A few minutes later our human horses trotted through fragrant tea gardens, just at the right time for us to pick some of the tender buds sprouting from the tops of the bushes. The tea plant, as is well known, is a hardy evergreen of the *Camelia* family. It grows a thick and solidly massed bush, and at first glance a tea garden, regularly dotted and bordered with round bushes, setting closely to the ground, might be mistaken for a field of sage, only for its rich, dark-green color. In its cultivated state, the bush is from two to four feet in height, its growth being limited by frequent prunings. From three to five years are required for the tea plant to mature. In the spring the young leaves crop out of the ends of the shoots and branches, and when the whole top of the bush is covered with pale, golden-green tips, in May, the first picking takes place. This is the choicest



A JAPANESE TEA GARDEN.

leaf, and contains the sap that gives forth the aroma. The choicest qualities of tea are grown on the hillsides, carefully shaded from the hot sun by matted awnings. The pickers go down the rows of these carefully tended bushes, and nip off only the youngest leaves or buds at the top of each shoot. The young tea leaves, picked in early May and June, comprise about half of the whole season's crop. The succeeding growth of leaves is coarser and has less flavor.

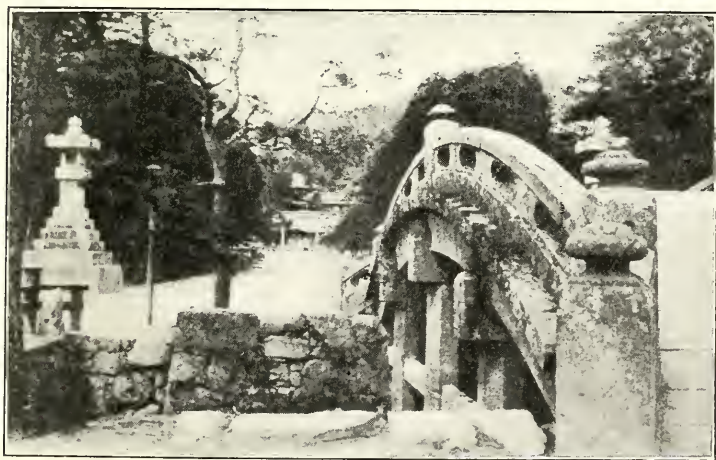
While in Shidzuoka, we had ample time to study Japanese

business methods. With the merchants, all is specialty. They confine their business to one distinct line. The shops of Japan as a rule are small, one-story, unpretentious affairs. Exceptions are found in Tokyo and Yokohama, where some large department stores have recently opened, and are gaining trade every day, by the new methods adopted. The typical store in Japan is used both for business and domestic purposes. In front, facing the narrow street, the merchandise is displayed, the whole front being thrown open by light, sliding doors, covered with white paper instead of glass. The family is snugly ensconced in the back part of the building. There is no counter, but in lieu thereof there is a small platform covered with matting, in the center of which is a *hibache* or wooden box, about a foot square, half filled with sand. On top of the box during business hours, a few pieces of charcoal are kept constantly burning. When business is quiet, the merchant sits beside the *hibache* smoking contentedly waiting for customers.

In politeness the Japanese rank next to the French, and whether the purchase is made or not, the customer is invariably well treated. The coins used in Japan are called *yen* and *sen*. A *yen* is worth fifty cents, United States currency, and one hundred *sen* is equal to one *yen* in value. You enter a fish shop, and you have the privilege of buying any part of the fish according to the part and quality desired. The heads are neatly stacked in a pile for the poorer classes, the entrails in another; while the choice bits are carefully washed and put on plates; nothing is wasted in Japan. In a poultry shop you may see a well dressed Japanese buying the leg or the wing of a fowl, while by his side may be a poor, half-dressed woman purchasing the feet or neck. In the stores all are as busy as the proverbial bee. There is no Sunday in Japan, which means seven days for business, except where holidays, which are numerous, intervene. On warm days the clerks throw off their clothes, except a small breech-cloth. Except in large cities, one of the least troubles of the Japanese is wearing clothes. Merchants are compelled to keep the street well sprinkled in front of their stores. This is done by means of a dipper, with a long, wooden handle. No one is allowed to loiter in front of the stores or on the corners. A sturdy little brown man, in a bright uniform with brass buttons, a long sword at his

side, beckons such a one to move on. In Shidzuoka, I saw a native about sixteen years of age steal some fruit from a stand in one of the little shops. I was not the only one who witnessed the theft. The little policeman and sword were "Johnnie on the spot." Taking a cord from his pocket, about the kind used by American boys for spinning tops, he tied it around the young fellow's waist. The prisoner and thief then followed him as meekly as a gentle lamb, his head hung in shame. The clerks and delivery boys, with their blue kimonos, are standing, I might say walking, advertisements for the merchant; for his business is announced in bold, white characters on their backs.

Let us enter a typical Japanese shoe store. Hanging on pegs in the wall, are hundreds of pairs of *geta*, for you must remember there is no plural in their language. These are wooden-clogs having a piece of wire well covered with cloth, which goes over the big toe to keep them on the foot. In dry weather low ones are worn. During the rainy season, they have strips under them, converting them into miniature sleds, and they seem to be effective in keeping the little brown people out of the mud. In the larger cities the American shoe is fast winning its way. The army now wears foot-gear of foreign style, although made in Japan. In



ENTRANCE HACHIMAN TEMPLE, KAMAKURA.

some of the higher schools, shoes are required to be worn by the students, and many of the girls are adopting like foot-wear. The favorite shoes for men are the gaiter, which can be easily slipped off and on, a necessity in the land of the Mikado. When one enters a Japanese house, hotel, temple, or indeed any of the finer buildings, it is required that the shoes be removed, for the



Daibutsu, Kamakura.

floors are beautifully polished, covered with a soft, clean matting that would be ruined by the nails of heavy shoes. Slippers are generally placed by the door as a polite invitation to make the exchange. A hose merchant would soon go into bankruptcy, for it is only on very rare occasions that a Japanese man or woman wears hose.

A vender of hats would have similar difficulties to contend with. The women never wear them, the men seldom. A light, gaudy parasol protects their heads from the tropical sun, while their unique umbrella does valuable service during the rainy season. (Bald-headed persons are

rare in Japan, probably because hats are not generally worn by the natives.) The furniture dealers would also have the short end of business, for tables, chairs and bedsteads are not used. The mat on the floor serves for all three. Shelf-hardware is slowly coming into use, but chopsticks are still preferred to the knife and fork. The Japanese people are great consumers of tea and rice, which are both used without sugar.

Merchandise is mostly purchased on two or four weeks' time. There is no cash discount. All is net, to be paid for when due. Should longer time be desired, an extra amount is added to the price of the goods. The old method of the merchants of Japan, in which they made a clean settlement once a year, as with the Chinese, is now about a thing of the past.

With many pleasant recollections and a crowd of American

and Japanese friends at the station to bid us *sayanarra* we set out once more upon our journey. Through the villages we saw bamboo poles in front of most of the houses. From their tops were floating colored papers and linen fishes from four to seven feet long. On enquiring, we were informed that it was "Boys' Day," a holiday observed in honor of the boys; each fish represented a boy. Nothing was too good for the boys on this gala day. The idea is that a live fish will swim up the stream to success, while a dead one will float down to failure. The boys are encouraged to be live fish, to overcome all obstacles, and to make a success of all they undertake. The third of March is "Girls' Day," and each girl is presented with a doll.

Next we stop at Nagoya, the fourth city of Japan, with 280,000 inhabitants. Its chief products are cloisonne, porcelain and fans. Nagoya Castle is celebrated for a pair of golden dolphins on the roof of the tower. Our stay was a brief one. A few hours' ride brought us to Kamakura which was once the capital of the ancient Shoguns of Minamovo, but is now a mere seaside village where still remains some old relics, including a famous *Daibutsu* (Great Buddah). This colossal figure is the largest in Japan. It was cast in 1717. It is in a sitting position and is forty-nine feet high. The interior is hollow and is fitted up as a temple with shrines. The curious head-dress is composed of clusters of snails which, out of gratitude, it is said, to Buddah for his love of animals, shielded thus from the sun the exposed head of their holy friend.

Let us hasten to Yokohama and witness Japan's great Jubilee to commence July 1, 1909, and last four days, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of Japan to foreign trade.

KAMAKURA, JAPAN.

Both on the way.

Mama had sent little Bessie to the pantry to get some sticky fly paper. She was gone a long time, and finally the mother called:

"Bessie, hurry with the fly paper. Have you got it?"

There was a pause, and then this in an earnest voice:

"No, mama, the fly paper's got me. But—we're both coming!"

—*Selected.*



THE MAYA SCULPTOR.
(From a Painting by George M. Ottinger.)

THE MAYA SCULPTOR.

With respect to the artistic merit of the monuments of Yucatan, and their status in comparison with the works of the ancient Greeks, Romans and other old-world peoples, it would be far from favorable; yet, they are most wonderful when we consider that the handiwork of those old artists, original in design and motive, workman-like in finish and execution, was chiseled by men who had no knowledge of iron or any metal. Their stone implements were porphyry, and the material out of which the ancient artists of that region cut their basso-relievos and monoliths, was a soft coralline limestone, on which such a tool as porphyry would be almost as effective as one of steel.

In some of the ruins of the old cities, especially at Copan, there are clusters of square stone pillars or obelisks varying from twelve to twenty feet high. They are elaborately sculptured, showing human figures, ornamental designs and hieroglyphic inscriptions on their sides. The picture represents a Maya sculptor, elevated on his scaffolding, laboriously and patiently working out his conception of a deified king or hero, which evidently these monoliths personify.

GEORGE M. OTTINGER.

At the Hacienda.

BY JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

The still figure in the moonlight is the Senor, and you may
See him sitting mostly that way, dumb and heedless, night and day.
Just now, too, the season's mem'ries crowd the rest that's in his
heart—

And make black the barb o' poison on his sorrow's rusty dart.
Can't be true you've met with any cowboy lopin' on the range
And he's let you off that story of the Senor's, for a change?
It's gone clean throughout the South here, Texas and the Mexicos,
Arizony, and the Isthmus, and all Californy knows
How old Ruel lost his daughter. Well, I'm glad to have my chance,
Knowing how they've mixed the story with their kite-flies at romance.
Yes, the Senor's white as silver, proud, too, as a prince or king—
And with warrant, if you count what blood and titled lineage bring.
Rich? I guess—though it's a matter of the commonest report
That there's many a stagger fortune has gone up in one day's sport;
For, you see, his longest suit was on fast horses, and his name
Stood up dizzy in race-records in the nation's tracks of fame;
And the fall that laid him crippled is the fruit of that last race,
When, his every cent at stake, he took the treacherous jockey's place
And with those mad throngs there, watching him in white and breath-
less spell,
Reached the stake an inch foremost of the others ere he fell!

But that triumph was the last one that the Senor ever saw,—
On the track, at least—for nature rendered bills for broken law;
Made it death or strict retirement as the Senor's gift to choose,
And he, grudging, took the latter; but for what his life must lose
Of its oldtime sport—half reckless—he had famous horses bought
And at any price or trouble to the grand old Mesa brought;

Like those connoisseur collectors of rare paintings or old lace,
So he gathered equine treasures to his quiet mountain place,
Where, upon the race-track, (laid here ere the house itself was planned)
He some measure of the old life in his exile might command,
And the fame of his possessions to the world might still reveal
That his heart had not relinquished all the oldtime fire and zeal.

Rarest breeds of every country came to grace the stately walls
Of the costly palace stables, and, among the oaken stalls
Stood, like jewels in their settings, all along the polished plain
Of the wall's wide panels, inlaid with their woods of richest stain,
Perfect types of equine beauty, curved bodies, sleek and slim—
Princely arch of neck and nostril, princely shape and pose of limb;
Murzuk—kingliest type of beauty from the purest Arab line:
Selim, whom the Persian masters sold for half a Mexan mine;
These, and breeds of Texas prairies, long of step, and slim of girth,
Told the judgment that selected bargains from the best of earth.
For the Senor's lore and life-art made him connoisseur of race;
And his wealth could render worthless obstacles of price and place.
So it fell, of course, that rumor of his madness spread afar;
And the fame of his collection, like a magnet, or a star,
Guided many curious people to the plateau's wooded height,
(Where the hacienda reared its dozen cupolas in sight)—
Who passed through the ponderous gateway of the walls that crowned its
crest,

Built to balk cowboy marauders, and became the erewhile guest
Of the Senor, happy ever to give greeting to that soul
Who might thrill him with the story of some fierce-contested goal.
Thus it chanced, the Senor, sitting in the broad veranda's shade,
Saw one day a stranger riding down the graveled path that made
Sinuous curves of length in guiding through the thick palmetto trees,
And gave welcome with his courtly, old-world air of grace and ease;
Listened, gracious, as the stranger, with his touch of English style,
Told the errand which had brought him over many a desert mile
To behold the Senor's stables; and then roused the Senor's greed
With the list of famed ancestors of his own sore-ridden steed,
And held out his hope of selling, if the Senor chose to name
Such an offer as might tempt him to relinquish his prized claim.

And the Senor, charmed by something in the stranger's air and face,
Holding in his look and manner subtle mark of birth and race,—

Begged him, in his silken Spanish, to become his favored guest
Till the morrow: taking needful time for judgment and for rest,
When upon the private race-track just beyond the wooded ground,
They should prove the vaunted pacer in a trial on its round.
Called Jose to serve the stranger, with a charge for every need,
(Anxious equal for the comfort of the master as the steed.)
Summoned the young Senorita from her shady hammock seat
To add her solicitations to make his request complete.
Then, upon the broad veranda, sitting idly in the shade
Of pomegranate boughs and palm leaves arched in many a green arcade,
Sat in comfort, while the stranger, softly wreathing rings of smoke,
Told him tales of English races that his memory bespoke;—
Till the older man with visions awakened by each pictured scene
Lived again in old-time rapture the glad days that once had been:
Listening breathless, never heeding how the Saxon's eyes of blue
Found their frequent glance reflected in soft eyes of midnight hue.
For the shy young Senorita, sitting silent and apart,
Seemed to his fine sense, as hostess hardly well to bear her part.
And his courtly heart regretted, as it oft had done before,
That high-mannered wife who bore his honors well in days of yore,
Sat so blind, that when at nightfall the well-favored guest was shown
To his chamber in the west wing and they found themselves alone,
He had words of gentle chiding for the manner, strange and shy,
Which might seem like meagre greeting to the cultured traveler's eye;
Pleased to note, when their guest after his attention kind bestowed—
That the child a shy obedience to her past instructions showed.

And swift morrows passed each other, spreading muffled silvern wings,
Whilst the stranger still would linger, finding plea in various things
To detain him—first the pleasure that the Senor's passion found
Trying speed of famous horses on the race-track's level round.
Then some jaunt into the mountains, with the hope that fate or chance
Might reveal some rich Golconda's hidden treasure to his glance.
And full oft when molten sunsets melted into sapphire eves,
And the sky's white rain of moonlight dripped through close palmetto
leaves,
Sweet Josita and the stranger strolled together arm in arm
Through the wide grounds, drinking deeply in the evening's subtle
charm.

Till one day when he had ridden up the steep barranca,—told
By some horseman who had stopped here of some late-seen sign of gold—

I, the Sheriff, and my party, passing through the ponderous gate,
 Armed with warrants, whose grave charges claimed a grievance to the
 state,

Rode, and found the Senor sitting in the early twilight gloom,
 On the broad veranda opening from a front, wide-windowed room:
 Formed in line around the doorway ere was heard a muffled hoof,
 And presented to the Senor all our gathered links of proof
 Which declared the man he sheltered as a rogue of deepest dye,
 Hiding from a score of victims to his errant treachery;
 Told the story of his scheming—of the mammoth Mexan mine
 Worked by men who waited vainly for the never coming sign
 Of their wages—long months lacking—holding faith from day to day—
 Through his specious tales and promise—that the long arrear of pay
 Would in time yet be forthcoming from his men across the sea—
 The great syndicate whose money held the mammoth work in fee.

How at last the men, half maddened by their want and waiting, swore
 To be tools of his bold scheming and bald trickery no more:
 And inflamed with murderous passion, to his house, an angry horde,
 Rode with muttered threats of vengeance; but by some strange chance
 the word

Of the raid had gone before them; and though swift and still they
 sped,

When they reached the spot, the object of their planned revenge had
 fled.

Gone upon his fleet horse—winner of full many a famous stake;
 And with two hours flown between them, hopeless, then, to overtake.
 So they gave him up, surmising that the blue Atlantic's brine
 In short time would lie between them and the owner of the mine.

Whether all his smooth tongue uttered savored in the least of truth,
 Or he merely worked to profit at the wretches' hands, in sooth,
 I can't swear; but certain, if what some of them have claimed is true
 He was quick to share the hardships of his men the long months through;
 Shared with them his food, too, when they came to him in want and
 grief,

Sparing neither time nor effort that might aim for their relief.
 One who stayed with him through all, and told him, (if I guess it right)
 Of the mad mob riding down the trail for blood that summer night—
 Swore that though in truth all blameless of events that raised the blow
 He would yet have faced their vengeance had he not been urged to go

And with freedom's better venture seek, from friends across the sea,
Succor for their need, and safety for himself from rope and tree.

But the miners met that story with a howling sleet of scorn;
Praying yet that fate might bring him to the vengeance they had sworn.
And at length chance played to trace him through a rumor that had
come

From some rancher who had tarried at the Senor's mountain home;
And they flocked—a half-score—bringing to my county seat the word
Of the man's late dereliction; thus our raid here had occurred.
And we claimed the Senor's duty, as became his honored name,
To deliver him to justice who was charged with such dark blame.
And the Senor, sorely stricken that the guest of his high store
Held the stain of such dishonor, in his pride, deep-wounded swore
That the man should answer dearly for deceit so deep and base—
Bidding all of us in silence hide ourselves about the place;
For the villain soon returning from his journey, unaware,
Would be taken without trouble in our deftly-actioned snare.

So 'twas planned; and while we waited, silent in the twilight gloom,
Suddenly a rustle sounded in the near, wide-windowed room,
And I thought I saw before me, as I waited at my post,
Something down the broad walk flitting like the moonlight's moving
ghost,

But before I knew if I had dreamed, below, outside the walls,
We could hear a horse neigh, giving short, home-coming, joyous calls.
Then—a sudden sound of hoof-beats floating back upon the road—
Fleeing with the lightning's swiftness from the Senor's near abode,
Told us that the stealthy ambush hatching in the dark was known,
And the victim we had counted for our clever trap had flown!

Then we dashed out, riding pell-mell, with a wild, half brutish glee,
The hot chase there close before us rousing all our deviltry.
But the man—or his swift pacer—measured magic lengths of ground,
Heedless of our hail of bullets whistling shrilly all around;
Yet I, who was worst and foremost of our wild, blood-thirsty men,
Knew the cruel odds between us should he face us—one to ten;
Knew, as he did, flight was hopeless from our fierce, fresh-mounted
crew—

When a sudden curve the road made brought to both of us the view
Of the cliffs that edge the river; and before his foaming horse

Could be checked, he was upon them—and I cursed in quick remorse,
 For that minute from his saddle sounded shrill a woman's scream;
 And the next they plunged together in the deep, swift-flowing stream!
 Then for days we dragged the current, though no hope our dark work
 cheered,
 And at length we raised a cross there where the two had disappeared!

* * *

That's the Senor's little romance; and his life's a link of hell—
 What with loneliness and brooding on his hopeless wrong as well;
 But to tell the truth,—though wildest of the yelling crew that run
 The young wretches to the river, and the glibest with my gun—
 I have took a heap of stock since in the stories I've been told
 That the Englishman's intentions was all solid, and—By old
 Harry and hot Hades! its on me—what? shake my hand!
 Me that chased you to the river—head of that un-Christian band?
 Brought back money for the miners—all their salary's arrear?
 Won't that word just clear the howlin', thicknin' gloom that's broodin'
 here!

And—and *her*, too. Lord! won't the message be a blazin' silver star
 Shining in a sky o' midnight for the old man droopin' thar!
 Say! I think all things considered—if the Senor hasn't heard—
 I had better step ahead there, and just kind o' break the word.
 Understand? he thinks dead sure you both are floatin' in the—Wait!
 Just step back behind them bushes,—there's the Senor at the gate.

Things to Do Now.

“Give the children a tent. Teach them camp living and camp cooking. It is good training and great fun—and fun is a tonic in summer.”

“Good idea to serve as many meals as possible out of doors, on lawn or piazza—good fun for you, too.”

“Never, never put natural ice in the goblets on the table. Too cold and too dangerous. Fill bottles with water and put them on ice. Never put ice in water.”

“Why not use your second-story piazza as a bedroom? Hang a canvas curtain in front to keep out the rain, lay down rugs, put a bed and washstand out there. Sleep out of doors as much as possible. It gives an ideal night's rest. Try it—and screen the bed—don't forget that.”

The Springtime of Life.

BY J. E. HICKMAN, A. M., PRINCIPAL OF THE MURDOCK ACADEMY.

Earth has her springtime, so has man. At the passing of winter the innumerable seeds begin to grow, telling the varied stories of their possibilities. Without knowing the life history of the plant, no one could conjecture what sort of a plant was bound up in the germ. Often the smallest seed brings forth a giant tree, while a large one may produce only a pumpkin. The best environments bring out the greatest possibilities.

In early life the latent forces lie shrowded in the untutored child. Who can prophesy its future? As the seed's potential power can only be told when it develops flower and fruit, so the child's possibilities are not fully known till it attains manhood. Whatever mitigates against the best unfolding goes to stultify or falsify the true character of man or plant. Not long since I stood in the desert and around me were scanty, scrubby, uninviting plants, gray with the fuzz of necessity. I felt I was surrounded with the desolation of possibilities. Life without hope—existence with a distorted nature. I could not see the true character in that dwarfed life. It lacked the one element for complete existence—water. A few days later I stood by a window filled with house plants. One was dying because of water. For want of it one was dwarfed; due to a too copious supply, the other died in full leaf. How like humanity! I have seen distorted and worthless lives for want of culture and opportunity. I have seen others retrograding through luxury and ease.

With intelligent care the thorniest shrub will supplant leaves for spines and twigs for thorns. Even the cactus, under the wizard-like training of Luther Burbank forgets its thorns. Instead,

fleshy, edible leaves and most delicious fruit are produced. The peach tree was once a shrub bearing a bitter-rind and poisonous nut. Today it stands as one of the twelve most delicious fruits known, of which there are over three thousand varieties. This is the work of culture. On the other hand, the choicest tree may, under adverse conditions, cease entirely to bear, or will produce hard and citron-like fruit. Plants under such conditions may be said to have reverted to their state of savagery.

Running broadly parallel with this is human existence. Each child becomes the algebraic sum of his external forces and internal impulses. Should they be good and strong, the child puts forth his greatest self. With opportunity he lives that broad and ever-changing life to which every rational being is heir. With culture the wildest Indian child will forget its wigwam and shed its girdle for civilian garb. It will turn from its idle life to that of the student; and the wild warwhoop will be transmuted into the fervid speech of the orator. The raggedest waif of the slums could, under the divine care of a home, stand transfigured upon God's mountain. While the noblest child, through neglect and unhalloed influences, may become a Jean val Jean; or the purest Lucile may plunge into unspeakable sin and die in the hut of the wretched.

There is no other time in life when neglect or misdirecting of energy has so dire effect as in youth. That is the period when one gets his bearings for life's work. Then is when the boy begins to be distinctly manly, and the girl distinctly womanly. For at that time new life awakens in them—new thoughts arise; new desires stimulate to action; act they must, be it good or be it ill. *This is the springtime of life.*

It may be called the conundrum period; for parents often fail to understand their children, and they do not always understand themselves. During that stage, new and often incongruous fancies fill the mind. The world to them is full of scintillating splendor, and they are wild to follow it; false or true, one is as inviting as the other. Then they approach the rapids of life—rapids that have engulfed the alluring hopes of youth. This is the most dangerous period, and at once the most valuable. For then is when the new thoughts of life rise upon youth's horizon like a star of

the first magnitude. Such thoughts absorb all others. The childish hopes and fears of yesterday give place for the realization of the new creations. During this period the boy or girl may become reticent, morose or crabbed, but more often he is gay and heedless of duty. His thoughts take wings and the new impulses awaken strange judgments of the future and of life's meaning. He jumps at conclusions, for he is guided by impulse rather than by reason. The wiser judgments of older heads are to him antiquated. It is then he, in his own estimation, knows more than father. No amount of pelting his ideas with unsavory epithets will effectually dislodge them. Out of such incongruities—rubbish—if he is rightly directed, come the nobler thoughts of manhood. He needs time to adjust himself to the new life of adolescence.

The fancies of childhood are tucked away with dolls or cast aside with willow horses, tops and marbles. The loves of yesterday are the dislikes of today. He is often whimsical and fickle, and we grow impatient at his erratic conduct. Remember he is passing through the period of incompleteness. What if he does climb up the lamp posts of Paris and drink the oil from the lamps, pull the long beards of the venerable senators of Rome, destroy the priceless paintings of Greece, or break the statuary, he will attain a wiser view and place a truer estimate upon things of worth.

The youth is to be respected for all this; his nature is not to be crushed, but directed and approved. The government of childhood must be supplanted for greater liberties. The failure to recognize this brings all sorts of trouble in the family government. His government, like his clothes, must continually be enlarged, but government and guidance must not be withdrawn.

Obedience to parents is a mark of superior and refined intellect. It is equally true that a person inferior in intellect and purpose is of the disobedient order. Though the great mind demands great freedom, at the same time it is generously obedient to superiors.

In the springtime of life, youths should weave into their lives all that is holy. Obedience to parents is the surest guide for fulfilling life's mission. Washington, at the last moment, relin-

quished his youthful passion for the sea through the pleadings of his mother. Had he turned a roving seaman, as he desired, he most likely never would have been the savior of his country. Garfield at sixteen was bent on going to sea, but relinquished his dream when he saw his mother in tears. This obedience made it possible for him to become president of the United States. Christ at twelve, though thrilled with the inspiration of his divine mission, left the temple to obey his parents till they felt to liberate him for his Messianic destiny. This act alone marked a mighty epoch in his history.

Willing obedience is a mark of pure intelligence. Wilful disobedience, as a rule, is indicative of brutishness and ignorance. The young man should be taught self—made to feel that all thoughts and deeds are prophetic of what he is to be. Subtle and fleeting, indeed, are his thoughts, but like the unseen magnetic lines of force that hold the earth rigid in her declination, he cannot extricate himself from his thoughts. He changes his character and impulses by changing his thoughts, and such a feat is a slow process.

Thoughts and deeds wrought out in youth's merry hours, some of which are tinged with wicked folly, are forces ever checking and swaying manhood's powers. In the soft virgin soil of the mind there may be sown the sweet-scented flowers or be planted the roots of the poisonous upas tree.

“No change in childhood's early day,
No storm that raged, no thought that ran,
But leaves a track upon the clay
Which slowly harden into man.”

It is not enough merely to live, any more than it is merely to plant. The nurture after the planting brings the harvest. In life it is the struggle for truth that gives value to existence. If you just eat, sleep and recreate, the animal does as much. It is the intellect that separates man from the brute; then, develop intellect. The overcoming of weaknesses and the directing of his forces make man the master of the earth. Every pure, original thought widens the gap between him and the brute, and narrows the gulf between him and his Creator.

Youth is not the preparation for life, it is the shaping of life. There is no other period of mortal existence where neglect, stultification or misdirecting of energies has so dire an effect. Youth is the period of the greatest criminal awakening. It is also the period of the greatest religious awakening. Over fifty per cent of all criminals were so at seventeen. More than fifty per cent of those converted to Christianity had their religious awakening between fifteen and eighteen years of age. It is as equally true in any other mental awakening. Genius or demon manifests his trait in youth. Cast your eye over history; where was there ever a prophet who was not trained in youth? Or artist who was not fired with his divine art during his adolescence?

Too often the young man is prodigal of his energies, wasteful of time. "He who wilfully wastes an hour," says Darwin, "has not learned the value of life." Why not take a lesson from nature? When the earth was young, and she throbbed with energy, God stored up the useless forests in the form of coal and petroleum; he classified the limestone, granite, marble, and iron, that man-to-be might use them for the redemption and beautifying of the earth. Had this work been neglected, man today would be a nomad on a hapless world. With this as a suggestion, young man, utilize well your endowments, direct your energies, plan for the future, cultivate well your mind and body; be frugal and economical of your time and power; plan and execute. Remember that great minds plan, weak ones wish. Make active every good emotion, and whatever your desire in your maturer manhood, make it active in the morning of your young life. Idle dreaming de-energizes, it trusts to luck. "Luck is a fool, pluck is the hero." Do not procrastinate, for procrastination has thwarted the aims of life, overthrown empires and turned worlds from their appointed spheres.

I would not take from youth wholesome pleasure or quiet rest. Earnest toil merits it, but see that pleasure does not leave a tinge of regret. Let pleasure have its place. Its time is when the voice of duty does not call. Aimless youth and thriftless manhood insure a fruitless old age. Youth stands for ambition, possibility and hope. It is the springtime of life, strewn with the flowers of beauty and of incense—blossoms that proclaim a fruit-

ful harvest. Give heed that the biting frosts of sin, or the blighting of misdirected energies do not blast the promise of life's harvest. Neglect the warning and the bitter winds of remorse will whistle through the leafless forest of old age; then, cheerless indeed will be the keen memories of the past.

BEAVER, UTAH.

His Old Father Satisfied.

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited once by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer.

"I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely-interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient, when the old man burst forth: "I thought you told me that you were not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm, and gladly earn money to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."—*Chicago Advance*.

Isaiah 29.

BY NEPHI JENSON.

The prophecy recorded in the 29th chapter of Isaiah, and its remarkable fulfilment accomplished by the power of God, verifies in a most remarkable way the truth concerning divine interposition expressed in the lines:

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

The thought most emphasized in the chapter is that a nation should "be brought down and speak out of the ground." The prophet seems to have been very deeply impressed with this thought, for he repeats it four times in the third verse of the chapter. Then, after describing graphically what should befall this nation which should be "brought down," the prophet declares:

11. And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I cannot; for it is sealed:

12. And the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I am not learned.

That the book spoken of should contain a "vision" of the nation that should "speak out of the ground" is evident from the fact that just as the prophet finishes his description of that nation he declares, "And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book."

Then the prophet makes it plain that at the time of the coming forth of "the book" the power of God should be made manifest in a most remarkable way. In verse fourteen we have this bold declaration:

Therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvelous work among the people, even a marvelous work and a wonder; for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid.

Of the effect the book should have upon those who receive it,

18. In that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity and out of darkness.

19. The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord.

Is the Book of Mormon, the manner of its coming forth, its acceptance by those who have received it, a fulfilment of this most remarkable prophecy? Let us consider the different parts of the prophecy separately.

First, then, as to the character of the book spoken of. It should be the "voice" of a nation speaking "out of the ground," or a record of a nation that had been "brought down" or destroyed; and should contain something about the ministry of Christ, for it should make the "meek rejoice in the Holy One of Israel." The Book of Mormon possesses both of these characteristics. It is a history of a nation now extinct. It gives the origin of that nation, tells of its progress in government, religion and civilization. And it contains the gospel of Jesus Christ as he taught it to the ancient inhabitants of America, after he had completed his ministry in Palestine.

The most important incident associated with the fulfilment of the prophecy under consideration, should be an extraordinary manifestation of the power of God. The Lord, through the prophet, declares, "I will proceed to do a marvelous work and a wonder." And by way of indicating what effect this "marvelous work" should have upon the world, it is declared that "the wisdom of their wise men shall perish." Is the Book of Mormon, the restoration of the gospel, and the establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints this "marvelous work?" To answer this question we only need to reason from cause to effect. The

"marvelous work" spoken of by the prophet should cause "the wisdom of their wise men to perish, and the understanding of their prudent men to be hid;" or, in other words, this "marvelous work" to be accomplished by divine power would be so great and perfect that the theories and dogmas formulated by the "wisdom" of learned men, when compared with the work of God, would be found to be indefensible, and be rejected. Hundreds of young men of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, scarcely out of their teens, without any technical theological training, leave the plow in the furrow, the tools on the bench, and the books on the desk, and go out into the world to preach the gospel restored in the Book of Mormon and other modern revelations. After these young men have been in the missionary field for about a year they are able, without difficulty, to defend this restored gospel against the most skillful attacks of the most scholarly theologians. Indeed the untrained young men often witness the complete overthrow of the ingeniously devised doctrines of the theologians, when these doctrines clash with the eternal truth contained in "Mormonism." There is not a "Mormon" missionary who has not had the experience of seeing a learned divine, who has once measured his human creed against the truth revealed from heaven in the dispensation of the fulness of times, go out of his way to avoid a second meeting with a "Mormon" elder. How is it that these volunteer soldiers of the cross can so easily defend their religion against the attacks of the learned regulars of the ministry? It is because the young "Mormon" missionaries represent the "marvelous work" spoken of by the prophet; and they are armed with the great truths revealed in the Book of Mormon and other revelations given in the great last dispensation. When the cherished theories formulated in the councils of the wise strike the great truths found in the rock of revelation, "the wisdom of their wise men perish."

Of the effect the book should produce, it is declared that at the time the words of the book should be heard, "the meek should increase their joy in the Lord." Has the Book of Mormon caused "the meek to increase their joy in the Lord?" Let the devotion and fidelity of the Saints to the truth, and their suffering for the gospel, answer. Why did the Saints in the days of Missouri and

Illinois endure vilification, the burning of their homes, the confiscation of their property, and expatriation, rather than deny their religion? It was because their faith and joy in the Lord had been "increased" by the witness of the Book of Mormon for the Lord, and by other strong assurance of the truth which had come to them.'

The Book of Mormon corroborates the testimony of the Bible concerning the greatest truth of all history, that Jesus is the Christ. Those who receive the testimony of the Book of Mormon, as well as that of the Bible, have a double assurance of the divinity of the Son of God; and well might they, as they do, "rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."

The fulfilment of this remarkable prophecy accomplished by the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, the manner in which the book has been received, and the effect it has produced, is no mere coincidence. It did not just happen so. The prophecy was uttered about three thousand years ago; we today witness its complete fulfilment. There is, in all this, evidence that the prophecy was inspired, and its fulfilment accomplished, by the Being who shapes the destiny of men and nations.

If it be said that a man like Joseph Smith could write the Book of Mormon, I answer that no man could write a book which, like the Book of Mormon, in three quarters of a century, would be accepted as a fulfilment of an ancient prophecy and a direct revelation from God, by a million people of all kinds of beliefs and different temperaments. Such a task is beyond the power of man.—*Liahona, the Elders' Journal*.

Forest Dale, Utah.

Necessity.

Necessity robs indolence, and stands
 A rampart around fortitude. Commands
 A mighty shoulder at the wheels of strife,
 And purifies the muddy stream of life.

THEO E. CURTIS.

The Grasshopper Famine—the Mullet and the Trout.

BY PETER MADSEN.

[Deliverance from the ravages of crickets wrought by the sea gulls in the spring of 1849, was a most merciful providence in behalf of the early pioneers of Utah. They were saved from starvation by this mirac-



Peter Madsen, Pioneer Fisherman of Utah.

ulous interference, the birds feasting from morning until night on the black demons. The scanty crops were thus saved. The gull, in consequence, is a sacred bird among the Latter-day Saints. And the sego lily, upon the roots of which the people subsisted in those trying days, is honored as the chosen flower of the state of Utah. The children of the pioneers hold in loving reverence the sea gull and the sego lily.

But a few years later there were

other plagues that drove the people to the brink of starvation. The crops of 1854 and 1855 failed, owing principally to the ravages of grasshoppers, though drought added its share to the disaster. Then came the unusually severe winter of 1855-6, when, from cold and starvation, cattle and sheep died by the thousands. The people suffered severely from these combined calamities, and were once more driven to roots for subsistence. However, an additional medium not so generally advertised was providentially provided—an agency unsung by the poet and unchronicled in the annals of the historian. Notwithstanding, it deserves mention by both.

It was the mullet and the trout of Utah lake that played this important part in furnishing the famishing people with food. While fish is not, perhaps, as poetic a subject as sea gulls and sego lilies—coupled with the recollection of the conditions, the term, "Grasshoppers—the Mullet and the Trout," is perhaps as rythmical and surely as historically important as, "Crickets—the Sea Gull and the Sego Lily."

But to the fish and the famine. One day recently a number of men were discussing the early cricket plague and the relief brought by the sea gulls, when Hon. John Henry Smith called attention to the substantial help that the fish of Utah lake provided in supplying food for the famishing, during the hard times of 1855-6. He maintained they were quite as worthy of historical record as the gulls and the lilies. When pressed for particulars, he referred to the veteran fisherman, Peter Madsen. The latter was appealed to, and it is to him and to his sons, D. H. Madsen and George A. Madsen, who have succeeded to his wholesale fishing business, that the ERA is indebted for this very interesting narrative on the subject.

Peter Madsen, by the way, is a sturdy, remarkable character. Born in Veile, Denmark, April 6, 1824, he joined the Church, June 12, 1853, being baptized by Elder Rasmus Neilsen. He served his country in the Prussian war of 1847-50, and four years later became a pioneer of western America. In 1870-2 he went as a missionary to his native land, and in 1886-88 filled a mission to the Hawaiian Islands.—*Edward H. Anderson.*]

In response to a request from the ERA to state my experience during the grasshopper plague, in the early days of Utah, I gladly furnish the following, all of which I remember as the most trying experiences of my life.

I arrived in Salt Lake City on October 4, 1854, and came to Provo the same year, where I have since made my home.

It was in the year 1855, as I remember, when the grasshoppers first made their descent upon the small fields of the pioneers. The crops had been planted in rich soil, along the Provo



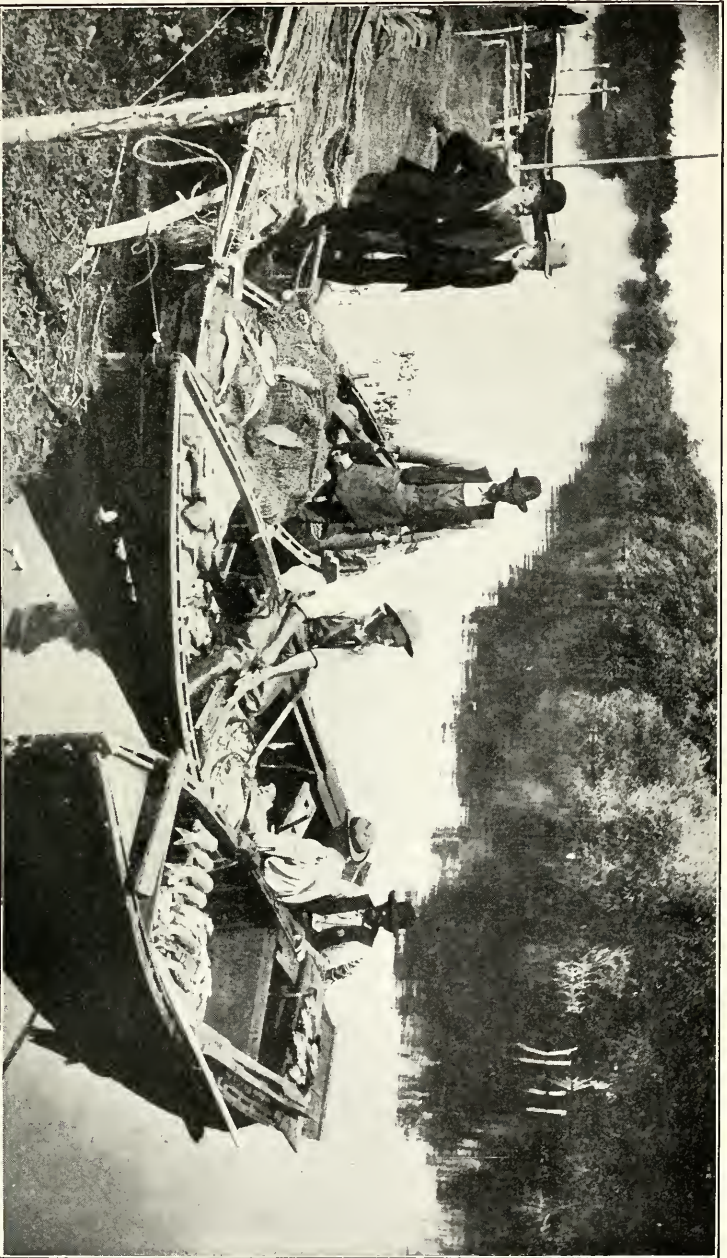
Utah Lake Mullet and Sucker.

Though much alike they are two distinct species, with different habits. On the left the mullet; on the right the sucker; of the trout no portrait could be procured at this season. These varieties of fish figured largely in saving the pioneers from starvation, in the 50's.

river, and gave promise of fair harvest, equal to the demand of the small population and the incoming immigrants—who would be too late to plant crops during that summer. We felt that all would be well with us, when lo, about July 24, the grasshoppers came upon us. So thick did they descend that they fairly darkened the sun. They destroyed most of the crops, as they made their way towards the shores of the lake, which they attempted to cross, and were drowned by wagon loads, many of them being eaten by the fish, and great walls of them floated upon the shores of the lake.

It was a little later than this that the people came to the lake. From Sevier on the south to Salt Lake on the north, they came with wagons and barrels and salt, prepared to take fish home with them for food during the winter. Their crops were destroyed, and they were weak from hunger. They brought with them two short pieces of seine, which I secured from them and joined to the end of a short seine I had knit during my first winter in Utah, and thereby made a fairly good net.

They all camped along the river



FISHING SCENE, MOUTH OF PROVO RIVER.

This is a summer scene on the site where the people camped in the 50's. The place is flooded now, the lake being very high. The Madsen brothers, who still own the fisheries, are seen in the picture.

near where it empties into the lake, and we made preparations to supply them with mullet and trout which were quite plentiful at that time.



WINTER SCENE ON THE PROVO AT THE PLACE WHERE THE PEOPLE
CAMPED IN THE 50's.

Having been accustomed to fishing in Denmark when a boy, I was prepared for this important duty, of furnishing food for a starving people, and I will always remember the scene along the river's bank after the first day's catch had been distributed. The campers were in little groups around the camp fires, where they were broiling fish on the hot coals, and eating them with a relish that only those who have been through experiences of this kind can appreciate.

The bishop of Provo sent men to help, and all day and night the fishing went on. The Saints came and remained on the river until they had enough fish salted to last them during the coming winter, then left for their homes, to give room to others equally as needy. For weeks the work went on. Nobody ever asked who did the work, or who received the fish. We were comparatively

equal in those days, and all we asked was enough to eat until we could raise crops to supply us with food.

I have always regarded this as one of my greatest opportunities for doing good, and often of late years I have been visited by those with whom I shared the necessities of life during those trying days.

Since that time I have been much interested in the fish in Utah lake, and many times have I given loads of fish from my nets to those who were in need.

I am now in the 86th year of my life, and am still interested in the protection of Utah's fish, for I feel that they played an important part in saving the people from starvation in early days, and am sure they will continue to grow into an important resource in the development of our great state.

PROVO, UTAH.

A Reverie.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Down near the banks of the Jordan
 Is a cottage that's weathered and worn,
 But I love it,—its age I will pardon —
 It's the cottage where Maggie was born.
 Though the flowers once tended by Maggie,
 No longer the cottage adorn,
 And the trees and the hedges are shabby,
 And the old willow bridge looks forlorn,—
 Though the birds that sang in the meadow,
 And the bees and the butterflies there,
 Seem all to have passed like a shadow,
 And the stillness of death fills the air,—
 Still I think, as I sit in my mansion,
 Where I dream from the eve till the morn,
 Of the days when I used to court Maggie,
 In the cottage where Maggie was born.

JACK BORLASE.

LEHI, UTAH.

A Talk to Young Men.

BY EX-GOVERNOR ALVA ADAMS, OF COLORADO.

[Last June, at the 20th annual commencement of the Colorado state Agricultural College, former Governor Alva Adams, of Pueblo, delivered the annual address to the thirty graduating young men. It was published at the time in the daily papers, and through a friend, a copy has fallen into the hands of the editors of the ERA. It contains so many gems of thought that it is worthy of study and preservation.—*Editors.*]

It is with diffidence that I come before this splendid class of graduates to give the final words of their public school career. For many years you have been guided by cultured and trained men and women. I can add nothing to your culture or training, but perchance I may draw, from thirty years of practical life, some lesson that may turn you from paths that others have followed with bleeding feet, with no result but waste and disappointment.

Advice is often a mere matter of rhetoric, and though given without cost, is held dear at the price. Some of my words may go in the same inventory, but for most of my theories of life I have seen the testimony of pierced hands.

The diplomas you receive are the proof of faithful and diligent study; they represent an honorable degree; they are the best decorations that can be given by a republic founded on universal intelligence; but they are the Lexingtons, and not the Yorktowns, of life's warfare.

Whatever native ability you have will be improved by education, but it is beyond the power of the school to make a Beecher, a Hillis or an Aylesworth, out of a Corbett or a Sullivan. If you are born with one talent, education will give it the force of two; if with five, culture makes them equal ten. It adds to the stature

of the short, and enables the tall to reach the stars. It is the trained that are to direct the destinies of the twentieth century. Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Schwab to the contrary, higher education does not interfere with business or commercial success. True education makes men more practical—more efficient. If it made only dreamers, then Carnegie and Schwab might be right, as the age demands men of action. With only idealists and poets, the race would starve. It is true, American achievement bears the names of many uncultured men; they were strong, self-reliant; they were born into a new field, rich with the spoils of nature's centuries. Fate placed in their hands a golden apple. They succeeded without schooling, yes, but with education their success would have been greater, while under today's conditions many of them would have failed. Some are fortunate in the age in which they are born. In the future the one-eyed man will be king only in the country of the blind. Baseball had its birth as the great American game when I was a school boy. Many amateur clubs won trophy after trophy, until national renown was gained. Soon the professional club was developed, and for twenty-five years no amateur club has been heard of outside its local campus. In life, as in athletics, it will be the best trained who win. The new century is aglow with opportunity, but her golden nuggets will not be uncovered by the chance prospector, but by the trained and skilled miner. Proficiency and common sense are the two principal ingredients in the elixir of success. Many a failure has come by insisting upon the highest or nothing. There are many places between nothing and the White House. In all our millions there have been but twenty-five presidents. Look high, keep the stars in view, but keep your feet on the earth—aerial navigation is not yet perfected or safe. We differ in attainment and ability, but there is a place for every honest, earnest worker. No defect, no frown of nature, need bar us from life's dividends. In every soul there is a chord that responds to some divine note. Blind Milton saw paradise; deaf Beethoven heard the glad songs of angelic choirs. To achieve, you must have an aim—that aim need not be the noblest, but it must be nobly followed. It is not the trade, but the way it is carried on that marks the man. No profession nor calling of itself ever degraded or ennobled a man. Hands are made for toil; tools are

emblems of credit as much as the brief, sermon or poem. Christ toiled, the great of all ages have toiled. There is honor in toil.

Life is too short to travel every path of human effort, or to experiment with every vocation. Study your talents, inclination and environment, select that line in life which your judgment and sense determines to be best for you, and then "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." When hunting ducks you will sometimes make a good shot by aiming at a flock, but generally a hunter who aims at a single bird, brings home the most game. There are no half-rates, no free passes on the road leading to success—all must pay full fare.

As to your own ability—you know the goods, and it is your place to fix the price, and you are alone to blame if you undervalue them. I would not commend impudence and offensive nerve, yet would say, be not over-modest—the world forgets easily. Keep yourself to the front. We have often seen assurance and ordinary ability take the head of the hall where modest, retiring genius remained a wall-flower. Self-respect and self-appreciation are closely allied. Self-assertion is sometimes unpleasant, but men often concede to it. Vacillation is weakness. The soldier who prepares a smooth road of retreat will be apt to use it. Burn your bridges—think only of victory and victory will come. To consider the possibility of defeat is to invite defeat. When Cortez sank his ships, Montezuma was conquered. That act made his five hundred and eight soldiers masters of Mexico.

It is courage and enthusiasm that moves the world. Caution is good, but too much caution is brother to cowardice. "The brave fail sometimes—the coward always." God never calls neutrals, but radicals, when he has work to do and crowns to give.

Work is not a curse, but a benediction. Those who avoid labor as the penalty for disobedience in Eden, are refusing the best gift of heaven. There is no place in the economy of God for the man who will not work—the loafer must reform or die. There is but one more character which is more useless and dangerous than the ignorant idler, and that is the educated idler. Knowledge is power for either good or evil.

Do not study astrology, thinking to find your star. I tell you, in this work-a-day world there is no magician but labor. In

letters of living fire it is graven over every one of the hundred gates that lead to happiness and success. Fate—predestination—is but the apology of bankruptcy. Napoleon pretended to believe in his star, but his faith was not so strong but that he worked twenty hours out of twenty-four, and ravished the world for spoil with which to raise and equip his armies. Luck is the fool goddess, and those who bow at her altar will wear the cap of folly and drink dregs their life long.

In all schemes and plans of life, honesty and truth are fundamentals. When time began, God and the angels proclaimed truth and manhood, and there has been no change in the laws or administration of heaven since the globe was launched.

Truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

These primary qualities must be coupled with force, will, industry; without them they are like a telegraph instrument that has no battery. You face life at a sublime hour—there are dangers, yes. No heights are scaled without risk. Danger and victory often sleep in the same cradle. The most serious tendency is the almost universal worship of mammon. The golden calf has been reared high above most other altars, and it is gorged with sacrificial offerings of health, honor, reputation and lives. Luxury and extravagance are in the atmosphere of the age. I have no stones to throw at wealth—it can be a benediction, a good angel, it can be a messenger of love and joy and help, as noble as ever carried a benefaction or lifted a burden. I have no patience with the idea that poverty and virtue are twins. There is nothing more depressing, more hopeless, than abject poverty. Honest poverty is no disgrace, but it is a desire not to escape its deadening grasp as soon as possible. It should be the first duty of life to become prosperous—that is, become independent; but independence does not mean the ability to keep step with the wave of reckless extravagance which is sweeping over the land, planting unrest, envy and discontent in millions of honest hearts. When you find that you take no interest in anything save the almighty dollar, go and read and re-read Dickens' *Christmas Carol*.

A serious danger of the age is the drift away from sacred

things, from the orthodox faith of the founders of the republic. The boast of the hour is our liberalism in religion. Churches compete in making conditions of membership and belief easy. The power of religion is being liberalized out of it. It is still respectable to be connected with the church, but much of it is a lip and not a heart service. Consult your own heart, home and observation if this be not too generally true.

Achievement and discovery now come so fast that the most marvelous are received without surprise. I know of no field of morals, of commerce, of attainment, upon which has been placed the seal "complete." Until the tides are harnessed, until the heat and energy of the sun is stored for the use and happiness of man, the two oceans joined by a Panama passage of peace, and Alaska and Patagonia linked by a pathway of steel, until intemperance and wrong are curbed, until labor and capital both recognize the golden rule, until justice and right shall be the portion of every citizen, no American youth dare say, "The harvest has been gathered, there is no work for my hands." In every educated American youth are the possibilities of a Samson, and it is their own fault if they grind corn for the Philistines.

From the schools of today are to come the masters of tomorrow. The Lincolns, Phillips, Beechers, the Roosevelts. What crown or cross fate may lay at your door no oracle can tell; but let your life, your training, your character be such that when the knock comes you can respond, "I am ready!"

"The Petals."

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

The dainty petals are falling;
The rare fruit-bloom is o'er,
Yet we sorrow not, recalling
The bounteous fruits in store.
The plans for success we cherished
May fail, as years go by,
Shall we mourn that they have perished,
If we are improved thereby?

HALLIE GRIGG.



Sketches by Lilian Connelley

Two Mothers.

MARY, MOTHER OF JESUS.

"I am a-weary weeping so,
My heart throbs with its pain,
I close my eyes to ease my woe,
And see it all again,
My slain—the Crucified—my Son,
There hanging on the tree!
'Twas not for wrong that he had
done—
E'en then he thought of me.

"How happy he in childhood days,
How agile, lithe of limb!
Then came the dream I dreamed
always,
Of greatness born with him.
At times I chided, yet I know,
His wisdom outweighed mine,
It came from where the riches flow,
That flood the stream of Time.

"That other mother, coming near—
Within her eyes there burns
A quenchless fire—a with'ring fear,
That ev'ry solace spurns.
I pity her—have anger none,
But O, so much of joy,
For love divine gave me a Son—
A Judas was her boy."

JUDAS' MOTHER.

"O Mary, dost thou turn from me?
Nay! scorn me not unheard!
I bore the birth-pangs willingly
Without complaining word,
And mother-love, thou knowest
well,
Will permeate all space;
Will plunge into the depths of
hell,
Or rise to God's high place.

“Yet I am powerless—overcome, To heights or depths where’er I go
Dense darkness all around; This, phantom-like, is nigh—
My heart is crying for my son, My son by infamy brought low,
When I make not a sound. While thine ascends on high.

Have pity, Mary, women we,
Bound by a common tie;
I would exchange, if it could be—
Or would rejoicing die.

“O pity, Mary, hear me, hear!”
Prone on the earth she lies,
For grief so deep there is no tear
To lave the burning eyes.

“To be in thy place! See me kneel! But Mother Mary lifts her up,
My son brought death to thine; And soothes her with caress,
Throughout all ages must I feel, Adds sweetness to her bitter cup,
The wrath of the Divine? And makes her own pain less.

LYDIA D. ALDER.



The Crown of Individuality.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

VI. —The Hungers of Life.

Hunger is the voice of a void. It is Nature demanding her rights. It is the restless, insistent cry of an instinct, clamoring to be satisfied. There are four great hungers of life,—body-hunger, mind-hunger, heart-hunger and soul-hunger. They are all real, all need recognition, all need feeding.

The claim of a hungry body has right of way over all other needs. It requires no credentials, no argument, no advocate. It holds a first mortgage on the sympathy and aid of humanity. But the hunger for food while being most irrepressible, most immediately compelling, has no monopoly on the hungers of life. In the world today there are in reality more people starving for love than for bread. There is more heart-hunger than body-hunger—more unsatisfied yearning for sympathy, affection, companionship, kindness and appreciation than for food.

These hungers are not a modern invention. They are as old as history. They began in the Garden of Eden. When Adam's bodily hunger was recognized and great stores of growing food insured him against starvation, the hunger of his heart was appeased by a wife. Then the mind-hunger of the first married couple was appealed to under the pretense that they should know the difference between good and evil. There was a soul-hunger

* From *The Crown of Individuality*. Copyright, 1909, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

still to be met. They had the promise that they would "be as gods." There was no evil in the four hungers, but merely that two of these were appealed to by lying and treachery. The wrong goods were delivered,—that is all.

We have all these four hungers because we are human—because we are higher than the animals. These hungers are aspirations, and were meant to be satisfied. They mean man's true expression—not false repression. Life is a continuous battle for our hungers.

True living means realizing the real hungers of ourselves and others and seeking to satisfy them. False living means vainly humoring morbid acquired appetites. At Thanksgivingtide and at the Christmas season the cup of gratitude and kindness especially overflows to others. Let us at this time, and at all others, realize that feeding the body-hunger is simply an initial duty. It is a first privilege of human brotherhood, good enough as a beginning but not as a full story.

Let us give others, not merely what we *have* but what we *are*. Let us feed their higher hungers, not on set days and occasions, but in unbroken years of such days. Let us make this spirit—like a persistent, pervading perfume of inspiration—ever sweeten our own lives and those of others.

Mind-hunger is a craving for intellectual food. It may be an insatiable desire for education. It may reveal itself in a passion for books, in securing a few shelves of certain books for one's very own. It may mean the joy of possession of not mere books, but of just those selected volumes that mean silent friends, talking over inspirations to one's eyes instead of one's ears. That is what makes a package of old magazines a treasure in some lonely home, after they have outlived their usefulness elsewhere.

This mind-hunger may be keen and on edge for fine music, the hearing of which would be a stimulus at the time, and later a golden memory; while to many of the box-holders it is merely a social duty, a bit of pose and something to talk about. The mind-hunger may long to have the privilege of hearing a certain great lecturer, or sometimes there is a rushing wave of desire to speak freely, fully, frankly to some one who seems to live on the intellectual heights, and to [feed on his words that if actually given

personally, in quickening advice or inspiration, would bring real joy. These are but suggestions of the mind's hunger for that which it needs and craves.

The great heart-hunger of humanity is—loneliness. Loneliness is the heart's realization that no one is self-sufficient, no one is complete alone. It is always the restless yearning in some form, for God's greatest gift to man—love. We seek it ever, consciously or unconsciously, as the great gnarled roots of trees, guided by some divine instinct, ever reach out in their constant search for the water that means life to them. The hungers for friends, sympathy, appreciation, confidence, companionship, are simple phases, degrees, or tendencies of hunger for the finest human love—love of one alone for us alone.

In a great city there are countless thousands of men and women leading lives of loneliness; they are just heart-hungry for the affection they feel is their due and their right. It is not the burden of daily toil, the smallness of the reward, the dull round of daily duties that make them heart-weary, but that benumbing sense of loneliness that sometimes sweeps over the soul like a mighty tide and submerges every thought but of—hunger for affection.

They just feel hungry for some one to whom they can tell the little incidents that make up their days, some one to be genuinely interested, some one to share their little joys and sorrows; some one to smooth away the lines of care and worry, some one whose eyes will brighten at their approach, some one to whom they will be necessary, some one who will fill their sky with the sunshine of love and the glow of trust and confidence. They want—some one to live for, some one to work for, some one to need them.

It is not always clearly formulated, or even clearly understood, for the heart's feeling is often beyond its power to express. It may be only a vague, restless unsatisfiedness, but all the energies and emotions of the heart silently sweep themselves in one direction, as rivers unknowing why, seek the ocean. And, with this heart-hunger satisfied, the magic hand of Time seems to have changed suddenly the whole perspective of life. The harsh outlines of cares and troubles seem softened and transformed, as the

moon throws a glorifying silver light of interpretation over even the most prosaic of scenes.

When this heart-hunger is unappeased, we may take cocaines of distraction that dull the pain they do not remove. We do a thousand little things to kill the time that hangs heavy on our hands, but this is not true living. It is the dullness of drugged emotions that keeps us from our best selves. It does not bring true peace—it is only—numbness. Real peace comes from finding oneself—temporary oblivion from losing oneself.

This heart-hunger is so real that it is not limited to those leading lives of real loneliness. It finds itself in homes where there is the semblance of real companionship, but not its actuality,—its cold, bare anatomy, not its living, pulsing, vitalizing soul.

There is a divine paradox in feeding the heart-hungry. As we seek to appease the heart-hunger of another our own grows less. The food increases in the using, as the miraculous feeding of the four thousand at the sermon in the wilderness—what remained after all were fed was more than the original supply; Let us make others forget *their* heart-hunger in the kindness, thoughtfulness, consideration, sympathy, companionship and affection we can give them. Let us forget our own heart-hunger in feeding others, even though we can silence ours in no other way. No one occupies so humble a position that he cannot thus help.

There are times in the life of all when, weak and worn with the struggle, the ebb-tide of hope seems to carry out with it all inspiration, all impulse, all incentive. In the darkest night of a great loss, paralyzing pain, or a voiceless grief, we seem to lose our very bearings on life, and weak, trembling hands hold the useless compass of our purpose. We see nothing to live for, and life does not then seem worth living. At such an hour gentle words of comfort and courage and companionship—words that come glowing from the very soul of another, not empty, cheap commonplaces that roll flippantly from the tongue—come as living food to the hungry heart.

When the trials of the individual heart seem hard to bear and the failures of our best efforts tempt us to overthrow the altars of our ideals; and all that we have held high and best seems

empty delusion, we feel this hunger for a loving friend, a counselor, a guide. We want fresh, kindly eyes of those who really care to look at our problems, to help us to regain our faith in humanity, our belief in ourselves, our trust in the certainty of the final triumph of right, love, justice and truth.

To feed the heart-hungry we must give the positives of our life, not the negations. We must give our strength, not our weakness; our certainties, not our fears; our radiant finalities of decision, not our unsettled dilemmas.

If we were to transform "feed the hungry" from a mere phrase into a vital impulse finding expression in every day of our living, we would bring the spirit of the millennium into the expanding circle of our individual life and influence. We would realize that these hungers are real, and were given to man that they might be satisfied. They are not to be confused with mere morbid appetites, counterfeit hungers—man-made out of the idle hours of his folly. These must be killed—starved into submission, dominated, mastered, vanquished by the individual who would be true to his—kingship over himself.

Soul-hunger has its infinite phases as well as heart-hunger. Soul-hunger is man's insatiate desire to know the truth of the life now and the life hereafter. Soul hunger has existed in man since the beginning of time. All the religions of the world are simply systems to feed this spiritual hunger. Hunger is the consciousness of incompleteness. The belief in immortality, another world, a new life, is simply the—last great hunger of the soul.

(The next article in this series, "Throwing Away Our Happiness," will appear in the May number of the ERA.)

One of Our Faults.

Too oft contented to be discontented,
We let indifference rule us unrepented.

THEO E. CURTIS.

A Friend of the Boys and Girls of Forty Years Ago.

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER.

I am asked by the editor to become reminiscent, and to write



JAMES DWYER.

As he appeared in his book-store days, and as hundreds of students will remember him.

something of the life and character of James Dwyer, whose familiar figure on the streets of Salt Lake City, recently, recalled to the older generation a pioneer book-man of Utah. A testimonial of the man, at this time, should bring comfort to his declining years, and encouragement to those who take satisfaction in the welfare and progress of their fellow-men. Thirty and forty years ago James Dwyer's book store was a popular rendezvous for all lovers of good books; and to the student body of those days there was a certain

charm and inspiration in his acquaintance. In casting up the accounts of life, one always feels a special indebtedness to good books, and he who has introduced one to the best thoughts of the age may claim some grateful acknowledgement as a benefactor to one he has so cheerfully put on the track of useful information.

The writer never meets James Dwyer upon the streets, or more frequently in some book store, without feelings of special gratitude to the man who in days gone by took so much pleasure in recommending to him good books. I think I may conservatively say, after years of travel in foreign lands and in our own country, that I never knew what I considered a better book man than James Dwyer. He had the happy faculty of making one fall in love with a good book. True, it was the business of this pioneer book man to sell his books, but his gains, I am compelled to believe, were not by any means the highest pleasure he enjoyed whenever he won a convert to good reading. I dare say his ledger accounts of those early days will reveal a very generous credit which thousands enjoyed who sought the opportunities of something good to read; indeed, I never heard it said that his generous allowance for the honesty of those who wanted his books had much to do with the financial prosperity of his business.

James Dwyer had the happy faculty of finding out what his books contained. I don't mean by that that he always read the books himself. He found out those who were competent to pass a reliable judgment upon a new book or to designate the qualifications of the mind to appreciate the great authors of the past. "Take this book," Mr. Dwyer would sometimes say to the writer, "with my compliments. When you have read it, tell me briefly what it contains and the quality of mind required to appreciate it, and in what way it will be specially helpful to those who read it."

When I first became acquainted with Mr. Dwyer, I marveled at what appeared to me his great familiarity with all kinds of books. I soon learned to place great confidence in his recommendations, and I have always taken a singular pleasure in confessing his great helpfulness to me in the choice of books, and his remarkable enthusiasm always induced me to read almost every book I bought in his store. Such expressions as I have here voiced I have heard from scores of young men who felt in those early days that con-

tagious love for good books that this pioneer book man always carried about with him.

While there is nothing standing against me on the ledger accounts of James Dwyer's books, I freely acknowledge my indebtedness to him for the enthusiasm which he imparted to my life when, as a young man, I was seeking the association of good books. These words of homage will scarcely pay the interest on the principal of the great debt I owe him. The assurance of having done so much good to others ought to bring the supremest satisfaction to his life, and make his last days the best of all his days.

It should be added that James Dwyer started his book business in 1866, in the post office in the old Constitution Building, then directed by Postmaster W. Street. His first stock came, as the mails came, in an overland stage coach. Ten dollars was all he had as capital. He borrowed that from Banker Warren Hussy. Robert Sharky offered to go security for the amount, but Mr. Hussy refused, saying prophetically, "James Dwyer has the stuff in him to succeed." And his prediction came true.

The Whistler.

(For the Improvement Era.)

I sat alone in my office, weary and sick at heart,
For life seemed such a struggle, and mine such a strenuous part;
And I thought of the many thousands, engaged in the weary strife,
Of the cares, and pains, and sorrows, that make up what men call life.

Of the toil-worn men, aye, and women, too, passing their several ways,
Grinding, grinding, the long hours through, the hours that drift into days,
And days that make years as the seasons roll; with small share of rest or
change,
Till merciful Death comes to claim his toll, and summons them out of
range.

Yes, I was "blue," I admit it! I felt ready to quit right then—
For the cords 'round my heart seemed straining, and my hopes were sinking,
when
Sharp on my ear from the street below fell a sound that made me start,
A glorious, bubbling melody that sped its way to my heart.

Nearer it came, and nearer, fuller and more complete—
As if the heart of its happiness, could scarce find room in the street;
Into the hallways and out again, back from the wall outside,
Till the very air seemed to tremble and throb, on the breast of its swelling tide.

I stepped to the window and glanced below, and there down the busy street,
Coatless and careless, sunburned and soiled, torn jacket and naked feet,
Came a mite of a boy, just a common lad, the kind one may meet any day,
But O the expression of bliss he had, as he swung along on his way!

With hands in pockets and head held proud, as tho' hurling defiance at Fate,
Unmindful as Love of the passing crowd, with its strife and turmoil and hate,
The fresh, young lips compressed to a knot, and the sun-kissed cheeks puffed wide,
With the throbbing, bubbling notes they caught, ere they whistled their way outside.

Back to my mind came memories, and into my eyes came tears,
As my own lost youth with its bright day-dreams, rose up from the by-gone years;
That happy youth, with its dear boy-dreams, while the earth was yet so young,
And the song of life in the bright sunbeams, that my own boy-heart had sung.
Away like a flash went my sorrows; gone were all doubts and fears;
For the message it bore so joyous, so free, seemed mine for the coming years.

For why should each worrisome trifle bow my head 'neath affliction's rod?
And what opposition can stifle a man fashioned like unto God?
What cause had I for worry? What reason had I to complain?
Had I not, in my own blind hurry, submitted to needless pain?
I turned with a heart strong and steady, the wide, groping future to meet,
For God's message had reached me already, through that whistling boy in the street.

LON J. HADDOCK.

Hebrew Idioms and Analogies in the Book of Mormon.

BY THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

V.

Respecting the terms *new*, *twelve*, *tower* and *wonderful*, it is observed that they are not Nephite names at all; but simply English words used for the originals, and the occurrence of the letter *w* in them is of no consequence to invalidate the claim that the Nephite names are spelled without a *q*, *x* or *w*.

A few words of explanation respecting the use of the proper name, Red Sea, in the Book of Mormon, instead of the Hebrew name for that body of water, may not be out of place. It appears that as far back as B. C. 285, when the work of translating the Hebrew scriptures into Greek was in progress, into the version called the Septuagint, or the LXX, (seventy) the waters in question were known by the name *Erythra Thalassa*, the first of these words meaning *red* and the other *sea* (Exodus 15: 4). Later it was called in Latin *Mare Rulrum*—*Mare* meaning *sea* and *Rulrum*, *red*. It does not appear, therefore, that the Jews or any other ancient people had any name for this body of water that could not also be given in a foreign language under the proper term for *red* and *sea*, or, in other words, it is a proper name raised to that order or position from common translatable terms; and the Book of Mormon is perfectly consistent in the use of the English name—as much so as it is when it translates the originals for *white* or *black*, instead of giving us the Hebrew for those words.

With respect to the name *Hebrew*, it is not a properly con-

structed Jewish name at all. Some authorities are of the opinion that it is derived from Eber, or Heber, one of the later descendants of Shem. If this be true, the form of the name, according to principles of analogy for forming Jewish names, should be Eberites, or Heberites. Other learned men are of the opinion that it is derived from *ibrhi*, which has practically the meaning of *stranger*, or *foreigner*, and, on this ground, the name in the plural would be *Ibrhim*. *Jew* and *Jews* are names given to the children of Israel by their neighbors, and both *Hebrew* and *Jew* are foreign terms, though both are derived from Jewish bases. Now, if it had been necessary, for instance, to use the Gentile name Alexander Quincy Law in translating the Book of Mormon, we should expect to see it spelled as here given, and there is, therefore, nothing unusual, strange, or inconsistent about the case when the Book of Mormon spells the Gentile name *Jew* and *Hebrew*, each with a *w*. If they were strictly Jewish names the matter would appear in a different aspect. As the case stands, the statement that the Book of Mormon proper names, if of purely Nephite origin, make no use of the Gentile *q*, *x* or *w*, cannot be controverted; there is no possible ground for argument or denial. The Hebraisms and Jewish analogies that have now been passed upon demonstrate that the Prophet Joseph Smith was not the author of the Book of Mormon. He knew nothing of the Hebrew language, while the records in question are full of evidences that their writers were thoroughly familiar with its principles and use. Sidney Rigdon was not the author of that book, for he did not see it or Joseph Smith until after the work was published. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized on the sixth day of April, 1830, and Sidney Rigdon was not admitted to fellowship in it until the following October. The Book of Mormon was first published in 1829.

PROBABLE HEBRAIC ORIGIN OF JAREDITE NAMES IN THE BOOK OF ETHER.

In the foregoing groups of names, those that are of Jaredite use are listed together with those of the Nephites as having a Jewish origin. It is very probable that some of our readers desire to know upon what grounds this common classification is based.

In reply, it is admitted that with our present information on this matter, nothing sufficiently definite to remove the last remnant of doubt from every mind can be submitted, but it appears, nevertheless, from more than one consideration, that no palpable mistake has been made in assuming that the Jaredite and the Nephite names belong to peoples who had a common racial origin.

Certainly no one claims that the first writers of the Book of Ether (a subdivision of the Book of Mormon) are to be numbered among those whom the Christian world now recognizes under the names of Hebrews, Israelites or Jews. The name *Hebrew*, from *Eber* or more probably from *Ibrh* or *Ibr*, was doubtless not coined in any form until about the time that Abraham left his native land in obedience to the command of the Almighty—long after the Jaredites had colonized America—and the names *Israelites* and *Jews* are of still later origin. No one should conclude, however, from these facts, that the Jewish race—the chosen people of God—did not exist for many centuries before the new names, just mentioned, were applied to them,—did not exist in pre-diluvian days. Jesus Christ was a Jew by birth and his genealogy is traced back to Adam without any admixture of known Gentile blood.

That the Jewish race existed before the dispersion at Babel is quite clearly shown by the fact that the Hebrew language came out of the confusion of tongues almost, if not wholly unimpaired. Speaking with respect to its preservation, Dr. Angus, in the *Bible Hand Book*, paragraph 26, (3), says: "It may be added that the Hebrew of Abraham's day was probably closely allied to the original tongue, if it were not itself identical with it. This conclusion is based chiefly on the proper names of the early chapters of Genesis. These names are all significant in *Hebrew*, and the meaning in that tongue always explains the reason why they were given." Dr. Adam Clark commenting on Genesis 11: 1, says: "All mankind *was of one language*, in all likelihood the HEBREW; *and of one speech*; articulating the same words in the same way. It is generally supposed that after the confusion mentioned in this chapter, the Hebrew language remained in the family of *Heber*. The proper names and their significations given in the scripture, seems incontestible evidence that the Hebrew language was the original language of the earth—the language in which

God spake to man, and in which he gave the revelation of his will to Moses and the prophets. 'It was used,' says Mr. Ainsworth, 'in all the world for one thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven years, till Phaleg, the son of Heber, was born, and the tower of Babel was in building, *one hundred* years after the flood (Gen. 10: 25, 11: 9). After this it was used among the Hebrews or Jews, called, therefore, the *Jew's language* until they were carried captive into Babylon, where the holy tongue ceased from being commonly used, and the *mixed* Hebrew (or Chaldee) came in its place.'

"It was the universal belief among the rabbins, the Christian fathers and the older theologians, that the Hebrew was the language of Adam and Eve, and that it prevailed among all mankind till the dispersion at Babel,"—*Johnson's New Universal Encyclopedia* (appendix) Art. Semitic Languages. Thus it appears that there has been a very general concensus of opinion among theologians that the Hebrew language existed long before the dispersion, and after that event, in a state of remarkable purity even down to the captivity of the Jews in Babylon. It appears, further, that the main foundation for this opinion, is based on the proper names and their significations in the first few chapters of Genesis. There are altogether about two score only of such names in the whole of the Mosaic pre-diluvian history, and for convenience in comparing them with those of a later date and use, the list is herewith presented, omitting those that belong to the Deity: Abel, Adah, Adam, Assyria, Cain, Cainan, Ethiopia (Cush), Eden, Enoch, Enos, Euphrates, Eve, Gihon, Ham, Havilah, Hiddekel, Irad, Jabel, Jared, Japheth, Jubal, Lamech, Mahalaleel, Mehujael, Methusael, Methuselah, Naamah, Noah, Nod, Pison, Seth, Shem, Tubal Cain, Zillah.

The termination of a number of these names occur in the familiar *ah*, several others in the well known *el*, and some of them are transmitted entirely down to later Jewish times. It will, further, be noticed how some of these early names in Genesis are compounded, as, Tubal-Cain, from Tubal and Cain; Mehujael, from Jael and a prefix; Methuselah, from Selah and a prefix.

Further strong evidence that the Hebrew language was in use before the flood, and that it was not confounded when the build-

ing of the tower of Babel was stopped by the confusion of tongues, is found in the fact that the names of the Deity and of persons are used before the deluge and the dispersion that are used immediately after the latter event without any explanation of the divine personages or ancient worthies that were to be identified. If the language of Noah and his people was confounded, the names for God and Jehovah, and the whole list of worthies from Adam to Noah, would have been meaningless and indistinguishable to every post-Babelite without an explanatory guide to let him know, for instance, that the *Z* of his day was identical with the *A* of Adamic times, but just where it should appear, if needed at all, the Bible supplies us with no reference keys. God's chosen people knew who JEHOVAH was after the dispersion just as readily and as fully as they did before it, without having his identity revealed anew to them. It appears, further, from the Biblical records, that genealogies were kept by the people of the Lord from the days of Adam to those of Noah and his descendants, who lived at the time of the dispersion. Christ's lineage is traced to Adam, and it is scarcely possible that no other pre-diluvian families left a genealogical record also, but even if they did not, the fact that one single family lineage was preserved for about one thousand seven hundred years is quite conclusive evidence that there were written records in existence before the deluge. Learned men who have studied the subject are of the opinion that the present Biblical account of creation was largely copied by Moses from earlier records.

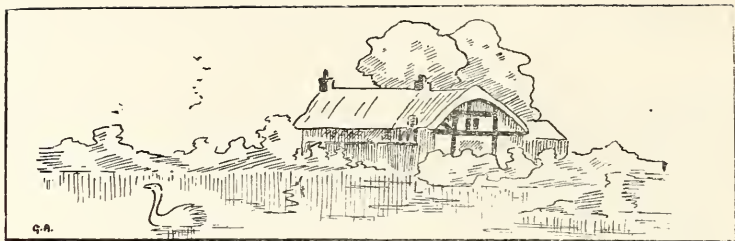
From this standpoint it is apparent that if the Hebrew were the universal language at the time of the dispersion, its preservation was essential, unless every record that was in existence before the building of the tower of Babel was to become sealed and useless to mankind, just as the Egyptian hieroglyphics were not decipherable before the discovery of the Rosetta stone, which gave the keys to them through a KNOWN language. If there were many languages in use at the time in question, the preservation of ONE of them to serve as a key to decipher the records of the past was also necessary. If they were all confounded, the history and records of anti-diluvian days might just as well have been written in the language of the supposed inhabitants of Mars. But we have

evidence that one language did come out of the general confusion of tongues at Babel unimpaired; and the consistency of the Book of Mormon in stating (Ether 1: 35) that the language of Jared was not confounded affixes a broad seal of divinity to that work. What "unlearned youth," if an impostor, would even have thought of covering the point in question; and of doing it by the preservation of the Hebrew? Deeply laid, indeed, in the foundations of truth is that work which God has brought forth in the last days by the hands of Joseph Smith, his prophet, seer and revelator.

In the statement just made that the Book of Mormon provides for the preservation of Hebrew when the language of the rest of the world was confounded, a few necessary remarks have been anticipated. The grounds upon which such men as Dr. Angus and Dr. Clark base their opinion that the Hebrew was in use before the building of Babel, and after it practically unmodified, is found in the earlier and later Biblical names and their significations. The evidence thus afforded is considered incontestible. Now, while we cannot give the meaning of the Jaredite names, an examination of them will show that they are largely built upon Biblical Hebrew models, and that is sufficient for present purposes—the evidence sustains the classification as heretofore given. It is scarcely necessary to add that it is taken for granted that those who used the Hebrew language were of the Jewish race. Gentiles have never been eager to adopt Jewish manners, customs or speech.

The keeping of genealogies, too, by the Jaredites, while not conclusive that they were of the Jewish race, is, nevertheless, in line with Jewish customs or obligation. If, further, St. Paul understood the situation aright, they were Jews; for he says that to these people,—not to Gentiles—the oracles of God have been committed, and the Jaredites certainly received from him a code of his laws and authority to administer them.

(THE END.)



The Call of Authority.

BY H. R. MERRILL.

I.

James Williams, commonly called "Brig" from the fact that he was a "Mormon," stood leaning against his broncho while his companion kneeled to drink from the little spring at his feet. Around them stretched the hills and valleys of Montana, and the picturesque costumes of the two cow boys were in keeping with their wild surroundings.

"Well, 'Brig,' what are these 'Mormons,' anyhow?" the man asked, as he straightened up and proceeded to knock the dust from his leather chapes with his riding quirt.

The young fellow thus addressed threw the reins over his horse's head, and swung into the saddle before he answered his friend's question.

"I don't believe I know as much about the 'Mormons' as I ought to," he replied. "I was born a 'Mormon' and that's about all I can say about it. My father and mother are counted good 'Mormons,' and I remember much they taught me, but we had a big family, and it was rather hard scratchin' for a living down on the sage brush flats, and so us older boys had to get out and dig for ourselves. I haven't been at home much since I was a little lad."

The other man mounted, and they rode off down the creek.

"We've heard so many tough yarns, around these parts, about these 'Mormons,' that we concluded they were some kind of savages, but I can't see that you've got any horns, and you seem to be a human bein' about like the rest of us and, if anything, not quite so uncivilized."

"There's nothing in 'Mormonism' to be ashamed of, that I know of," the boy replied. "Of course, I don't know much about the doctrines. I don't take much stock in religion, anyhow, but I know that you won't find any better livin' people anywhere than the 'Mormons,' and I'll tell you, Jack, if I had lived up to the teachin's I got from my mother, you wouldn't find me at some of the places I now visit, although I will say that as a result of my mother's teachin', I'm not quite so bad as the rest of you, yet."

Jack smiled as he replied:

"You're kind a layin' the leather on me now, and I guess I deserve it; but I ain't got a mother, and haven't had one since I was a little tad, but she left me this, and it should have taught me better." He reached inside of his shirt and brought forth an old, worn New Testament. "I ain't read it very much, but it sometimes helps me a little when I git in a hole. I don't suppose 'Mormons' believe in that at all."

"You're on the wrong trail, there. They do believe in that, and teach that, and live according to its teachins' closer'n any sect on earth,—in fact they send out hundreds of young men every year to preach the gospel, and they defend it against all comers, from the Bible."

"They do? Well, I didn't think they believed in the Bible at all. What do they pay the young men for goin' out preachin'?"

"Nothing. They are supposed to go and stay as long as the Church wants them to, and pay their own expenses all the time."

"No wonder you would rather punch cattle. Can any one go that wants to, or how do they manage it? How do they get them to go?"

"They have at the head of the Church a president, or prophet, who calls these young men, and they take it as being a call from God, because the prophet is God's representative on earth. It is the call of authority, you know."

"Supposin' you would get a call. Would you go?"

The young fellow straightened up in his saddle and rode for a moment in silence, his eyes vacantly gazing over the blue peaks in the distance. His memory carried him back to the time when he was visiting at home the year before. When he was ready to leave, his good mother had kissed him, and, as she held him

off at arm's length, with tears rolling down her cheeks, she said:

"My boy, I hate to see you go again, but I want you to promise me that you will try to live a good life, and that if you are called upon a mission, you will come home and go." He stooped over and kissed the dear old lips, and murmured brokenly, "They won't call me," and had ridden away with no other promise.

At length he said, "I don't know, I might go, and I might not." He put spurs to his horse and they galloped on in silence.

The sun had set when the two cowboys galloped up to camp, where a half dozen men were sitting around the fire while the cook was preparing the supper. The frying veal and boiling coffee sent out a pleasant odor to greet the hungry men.

The newcomers, with marvelous speed, unsaddled their horses and turned them loose with a pat and a kind word, and then joined the group at the fire.

"Did you get any mail, Bill?" Jack asked.

"I got a couple for 'Brig,' but none for you."

The speaker, a young man of about twenty, handed the letters to Williams, who seated himself near the blaze and began to open them.

James Williams was a "Mormon" boy from Southern Idaho. He was but nineteen years of age, but his dark, thin face looked five years older as he leaned near the fire to read his letter. His parents were Latter-day Saints, but, as he had said, personally he knew little of the doctrines of the Church.

When he first landed in the camp of the Denning ranch, two years before, upon being asked where he was from, he had replied that he was born in Utah, but his folks now lived in Southern Idaho. One of the men had shouted,

"A 'Mormon,' bedad!"

"One of Brig Young's followers," another rejoined.

The young man flushed up at their taunting remarks, but he was loyal to his early teachings, and calmly remarked:

"Yes, sir, I'm a 'Mormon.' I'm a follower of Brigham Young, and I'm not ashamed of it."

His words were greeted by shouts of laughter from the men, who gathered around to see this new specimen of mankind, and

who began plying the lad with all sorts of questions, until the boy was almost on the verge of breaking down; but he strove manfully to keep the tremble out of his lips as he faced the taunting crowd.

"Well, sonny, how did Brigham Young look?" a big fellow asked.

"I never saw him, but I know that he was the greatest man that was ever in the west," the boy replied, scarcely able to keep the tears out of his voice.

The cowboy looked around at the men, with a knowing wink.

"Now lookie here, sonny, you're insinuat' a whole lot when you put him above his betters, and I am here to say that——"

"Brigham Young was the greatest man in the west," put in Jack Hillman, who had been a silent onlooker, as he laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder. "The kid's right, ain't he boys? and to prove it, we'll go in and drink a health to young 'Brig' here, who is goin' to stay with us."

"You're right, Jack!" the men cried, and a couple of them caught the lad up on to their shoulders and marched away to the bar, where the "health" was duly drunk.

From that day the boy had been a favorite in camp, and had come to regard his new name with pride, and in his two years with the outfit he had become one of the best cowmen on the ranch. Jack Hillman had been his best friend from the very first, but had never mentioned "Mormonism" to him until the day upon which this story opens.

"Well, 'Brig,' who's it from?" one of the boys asked, as he finished one of the letters. "I hope she's well."

"It isn't from a girl," he answered, as he held it out to the flames. "I think I'll forget it."

He opened the other letter and read it slowly. It was from his mother, and as he read the pleading words, tears came to his eyes; for although he was a rough, hard cowboy, yet he was a "Mormon" boy, and mother's influence was still strong. When he finished the letter, he tenderly folded it and put it in his pocket.

"I guess that was from her, anyhow," Jack Hillman cried. "And I guess she gave him the G. B., too, by the way he looks after it."

The men all joined in the laugh that followed. The lad smiled at the friendly banter.

"Yes, boys, that was from her, but no matter what I would do, she would never give me the 'go by.' She loves me too well for that."

"Well, now, you're all fired sure about that. I never had a girl like that in my life. I wish I had one like her."

"I guess you've got one," the boy answered. "Nearly everybody has one like her. It was from my mother."

"Supper's ready!" the cook shouted.

After supper was over, they gathered around the fire again to enjoy a peaceful smoke and a friendly chat before going to bed. The talk at first was upon the experiences of the day, but finally drifted around to "town talk," and Billy was asked all sorts of questions about what was going on in town.

"I went to a show last night," Billy replied, "and a fellow sang the prettiest song I ever heard in my life. We spatted him out twice. That song rang in my ears all night, so this morning, before I left, I hunted the fellow up, and gave him a dollar to teach it to me."

"Let's have it, then, so we can tell if you got cheated."

"Well, I ain't no kind of a singer," Billy answered, as he straightened up, "but I'll try the thing, anyhow."

The strong tones of his baritone voice floated out over the prairie, and although the voice was not polished it was good, and the rough cowboys listened intently to the beautiful old words.

When the last strains had died away, there was not a sound but the crackling of the fire. At length Jack Hillman, taking his pipe from his mouth, said,

"That was good. You made a good bargain. That's worth a dollar in any man's money. Sing it again."

"Yes, let's have it again!" they all cried.

Once more the song was sung. When Billy reached the last chorus they all joined in and sang, but each saw a different face at the window, as he repeated the sweet old words:

Somebody's waiting for me,
Someone who loves me, I know,

Somebody's wondering where I can be,
And what can be keeping me so.
Somebody's heart is sad,
Waiting so anxiously.
There's a light shinging bright,
In the window tonight,
For there's somebody waiting for me.

The song over, the men arose and in subdued voices, "'lowed 'twas 'bout bed time," and began to spread down their blankets.

Jack Hillman and the "Mormon" boy made their bed, and as they got into it, Jack said,

"If I had a mother waitin' for me, she wouldn't have to wait long, you kin bet your long green on that."

"Jack!"

The voice was a little husky, and the cowboy answered tenderly, "Yes, lad."

"I've got a mother waitin' for me. You know what we were talking about today? Well, that first letter was from the president of our Church, asking me if I'd go on a mission, and the other one was from my mother. The letter went home, you know, and they forwarded it on to me, and my mother wrote and asked me to come home and go; but I haven't saved up much money, and the folks couldn't keep me very well, and I'm not much struck on goin', anyway, so I burned the letter, and thought I would forget it, but that song—well, that song just about made me homesick, for I know mother'll watch every day for my comin', and every night, Jack, I know she prays for me. I know that when the daylight's gone, so she can't see down the lane, there'll be a light in the window a-waitin' for me, and if I don't go, I know that every time it's taken away the tears will roll down the dear old cheeks, and the wrinkles will get deeper around her eyes." The voice was very husky here, and big, strong Jack touched the little Testament tenderly. "Now, Jack," the boy continued, "what would you do?"

There was silence for a few minutes, save for the lonely cry of the coyote, wafted on the breeze.

"Well, 'Brig,' if it was me, I'd go," Jack replied. "How

much money have you got? You could sell your outfit for a good price, too."

"I've got three month's wages comin'; I would hate to sell Buck to any of these fellows, they are so hard on a horse."

"I'll buy Buck," Jack answered.

"I wouldn't mind selling him to you." The boy knew that Jack loved his horses and treated them as friends.

After a few more words the conversation ceased and the camp was wrapped in peaceful slumber.

The next morning, after breakfast was over, James sold his outfit to the boys, who were sorry to see him go, but his mind was made up, and nothing would change him; so, after a hearty handshake all around, he climbed into the buckboard with Billy, and they started for town. Jack rode along at the side for a short distance, and when they were out of sight of the men, he told Billy to stop.

"'Brig,' I want to speak to you alone for a minute," he said.

James got out of the buckboard and went over to where Jack had dismounted.

"Now, 'Brig,' I want you to remember me," he said, "and if you ever get in a tight place, why let me know. You've done me a deal of good since you've been with this outfit. Although you're no saint, you are not like the rest of us, and you've helped me keep on the straight trail. I hate to see you go, but I reckon your mother holds the best hand, this time. I hope you'll go on that mission, if your mother wants you to, for their ain't nobody like a mother, after all, I guess; but since I ain't got one, I want you to take this for me to yours."

He placed two twenty dollar gold pieces in the boy's hand.

"Now, I reckon, it's about time you was joggin' along, if you're goin' to catch that train."

"Goodby, Jack," James said, as he took the cowboy's hand.

"You've been a mighty good friend to me, and if you ever want to see a mother, come and see mine. You'll be welcome any time, for the latch string's always out."

James turned and, with moistened eyes, rejoined Billy. As they trotted along over greasewood and rabbit brush, he watched his friend vanish from sight over a low hill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Some Men Who Have Done Things.

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY.

VI.—John C. Cutler.

AN ENGLISH BOY, BY SAVING, INVESTING, AND WATCHING HIS INVESTMENTS, RISES FROM A CLERKSHIP YIELDING ONLY EIGHT DOLLARS A MONTH TO BECOME ONE OF UTAH'S RICHEST AND SAFEST FINANCIERS.

“Every young man ought to save a little every month, till saving becomes a habit. Then he should invest his savings in something that will earn money for him while he sleeps. And, finally, he must watch that investment. Saving, investing, watching—that's the way to become independent financially.”



HON. JOHN C. CUTLER.

This is what John C. Cutler, former Governor of Utah, and one of our richest men, said to me the other day when I asked him how a young man could rise who started out to work for wages. And the remark not only furnishes the key-note of the Governor's own success in life, but forms an excellent motto for any one who wants to keep his nose off the commercial grindstone.

When he was seventeen, he had one hundred dollars. Now, he had not inherited it, for his parents were poor; he had not been given it, merely because nobody in all England had

money to give away; and he had not picked it up in the prospector's camp, for the simple reason that there was no prospector's camp in the town of Manchester. *He had saved it.* Mark that. He had *saved* it—one hundred dollars in five years and on a wage ranging from about eight dollars the first month to about twenty dollars the last month! O that the face of money were worth what it costs in effort! Then this hundred dollars—and many another first hundred dollars—would easily have been equivalent to the thousands of some other men. The fact that between twelve and seventeen he saved one hundred dollars, was a *big* fact. And so I repeat it—in five years he had saved one year's wages, after paying for his board and lodging and clothes. Is it any marvel that John C. Cutler is now a rich man?

Meantime, his parents, who lived at Sheffield, had joined the Church, and had made arrangements to emigrate to America. John C. was not then a Latter-day Saint, but he decided to go to the New World with the family. "There's better opportunity for growth in America than in England," he explained to his employer, when he gave notice that he wished to give up his clerkship. And so, with twenty guineas in his pocket, he took ship for the western land. The five years' savings, however, went in less than five minutes when the family reached a point in their journey overland where it was necessary to add a yoke of cows to the already purchased four yokes of oxen.

Just at the time when the Cutler family got to Salt Lake work happened to be as scarce as dollars. And so the future Governor and financier, with his brother, Thomas R., trudged out among the farmers in Mill Creek, south of the city, hunting for labor. "We've got to have work of some sort," John C. declared wherever he went. All that they could get, though, was a job digging potatoes and beets on shares. But the boys dug them as cheerfully and as well as they had measured gingham and cast up accounts in the Manchester store. This was the very next day after the family's arrival in Salt Lake. And this, moreover, is the only time John C. has ever asked any one for work. After the potatoes and beets were dug he helped make a canal, occupying an old house belonging to the Brintons. The next fall he was offered a clerkship in a store in the city, which he accepted. In the three

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years, during which he was employed here, he became an essential part of the firm. But, owing to a difference as to the principles on which the business should be managed, he withdrew from the establishment. Immediately he was offered places elsewhere, but he determined to launch out for himself.

"I made up my mind to have a business of my own," he said, speaking of this time, "even if I had to set up a peanut stand. Should it turn out that I had money enough only to put in a stock of roasted peanuts, why, peanuts it should be, and I would add eggs and apples and other things as I could. But I had set my heart on starting out for myself."

That a young man with a wife and two children should think seriously, even as a last resort, of setting up a peanut stand, may have a strange sound for us nowadays, especially in any connection with the name, John C. Cutler. But it shows the stuff he was made of. For independence seems to have been a passion with him. That he did not have recourse to this means of earning a livelihood, but engaged presently in a more lucrative business, was due to a fortuitous event.

The Provo woollen mills had been established, and A. O. Smoot was looking for an agent for the Salt Lake trade. Having heard of the young English clerk's push and business ability, Mr. Smoot sought him out and offered him the agency. The two called on President Brigham Young, a bargain was struck by which John C. was to sell the product of the woollen mills on commission, and a new store was opened up in the Constitution building, on Main street. Young Cutler had practically no capital, but everybody connected with the transaction appeared to like his looks and to place great reliance on his ability and honesty. Nor were they to be deceived by appearances. Mr. Cutler made good. He laid in a stock of cloth, adding other things in the "dry" line, as the business grew, made the concern pay, and, in the end, established a knitting factory. A grand thing it is to have men build up hopes in you, but a grander thing still to fulfil those hopes!

Now, a good many men, as their business increased, would have enlarged the floor space of the store. They would have secured another floor, and then another—would have widened the building, and finally torn down the whole structure, to replace it by

a larger. Or, maybe, they would have established departments in other parts of the city, or even in other towns. But John C. Cutler was not born to be a mere store-keeper. His genius ran into other and more varied enterprises. As his merchandising yielded greater and greater returns, he endeavored to invest his spare money to advantage. He bought four hundred dollars worth of Utah Central, in a little while got sixty dollars as interest, and sold the bonds for six hundred and fifty dollars. A few hundred dollars he invested in sheep, which, in the twenty years he has kept them, have brought him about fifteen per cent a year on his money. And so, wherever opportunity presented itself, he put money here and there, until now he is not only one of the wealthiest men in Utah but, as nine out of ten business men will tell you, one of the very safest. For, as a number of them informed me, if, during a financial crisis, any man in Utah has money, that man is John C. Cutler.

I asked him to give me the best advice for young men that his long and successful experience could suggest.

"First of all," he said, "a young man should learn to economize and save till he gets a start. He must learn that there are many things that he cannot have and that he must do without for a time. He has to do this if he is to save at all. And he cannot get a start in business unless he saves. You know the old adage, that living ten cents under your income is happiness, ten cents over is misery. Well, nothing can be truer. Every young man, therefore, no matter how small his income, ought to save something out of it every month. And he should do this till saving becomes a habit, till it is second nature to live within his means. That is why I regard the building societies as such a blessing to the average wage-earner—it compels him to save so much every month out of his wages. At the end of a given time—say ten years—he has a house and lot of his own, whereas otherwise, most probably, he would not have. And he may have something of far greater value than a house and lot, at the end of that time, namely, a habit of setting apart each month some portion of his wages, but whether he is in a building association or not, every young man should form the habit of saving as much as he can.

"Then, when he has a little money saved, he should look

around for an opportunity to invest it. Now, money is a tireless worker—it earns all the time, whether its owner is awake or asleep. If you have a tolerable lump of it, it's like having another pair of hands working for you—only hands that need no rest. Of course, he has to watch this investment as closely as he can. For instance, I myself invested in sheep and let them out to others. One day I learned that the man who had them was on the verge of a business break-up. I took the sheep away and placed them elsewhere. About a year or two later the man failed, and I was saved. On another occasion I found out that another man who had my sheep was speculating. I took the sheep away from him. Pretty soon he went under, and I was saved again. And so a man has to watch an investment. There's no use having money out if you don't keep track of it. To be sure, every man is liable to make mistakes—the best men. I know a man who bought some Deseret National stock at the same time that I did, and sold it not long afterward, instead of keeping it and making it earn good money."

"What about speculation?" I inquired. "Is it not a bad thing?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, all business is more or less of a speculation. I buy a stock of goods. I don't know whether I can sell them or not. I hope I can. That is why I buy. But they may stay on the shelves. Every business transaction of this sort is somewhat of a venture. But I suppose you mean speculation in the ordinary sense, sinking money in the hope of a large return. Even that is a matter of degree. The main objection to that sort of thing is that men sometimes speculate with money that should go for other things. Here is a man, for example, who has a wife and children. The family expenses make a given demand on his regular income. Other necessary things have their demand. Each month a certain amount of money comes in, and a certain amount has to go out for these regular expenses. Now, it would be wrong for such a man to speculate with any part of the money which ought to go for the family, or other necessary use. But if he has any money not so required, money which he hasn't any special need for at the time, he may set it apart for speculative purposes, if he chooses. This is what I mean by speculation being

a matter of degree. For myself, though, I prefer the safer ways of business enterprises to speculation in its less restricted sense. Often, when I am in California, I go to San Francisco to the stock exchange, but I am never tempted to buy.

“Another source of grief in speculation is that the man of small capital puts it into too many things at once. I am speaking now of the person who has a certain amount which he sets aside, over and above his expense money. If I have large sums invested in, say, ten different places, and I lose on three or four, it is probable that I may make enough from the other six or seven investments to more than offset the loss in the three or four. But if I have only a small sum, I can't afford to take chances by dividing this amount among too many investments that promise large returns, but that are risky. It would be better for me, in this case, to put my money into some two or three things that yield smaller profits, but are safe.

“But there is something besides mere safe returns to consider.. A young man who contemplates entering business should try, in the main, to put his money into enterprises that give constant employment to the people. Thus, while he is establishing



West Side, Hon. John C. Cutler's Orange Grove, La Canejeda, California,
February 5, 1910.

himself on a firm basis, he will, at the same time, be building up the community. And this is good citizenship as well.

"Above all things, he must deal fairly and honestly with everyone."

"What, in your opinion," I asked, "are the opportunities today as compared with those under which you arose into success?"

"Better, I should say—much better. There is scarcely a comparison. Nowadays a young man stands a hundred chances where we older men stood one. Boys today have a better education, to begin with. Only yesterday, for example, a man asked me if I couldn't get him some work. He had come from one of the Southern States; he was a man of family; he could neither read nor write; and he had no trade. Such a condition ought to be impossible to the future, if we may judge by the way our boys are educated now. Nobody but will be able to read and write. And then, almost every boy nowadays can have a trade. I believe that every boy should learn a trade. He may not need it, and then again he may. For the last five years, when I have gone on my annual visit to an orange grove I have in California, I have

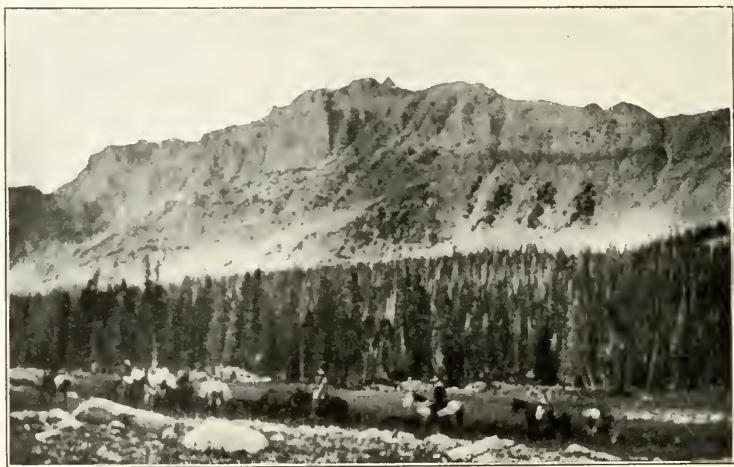


Harold G. Cutler learning the orange and lemon business. Pruning lemon trees, February 5, 1910, at Hon. John C. Cutler's ranch, La Canejeda, California.

noticed a certain house there which is building. The owner works for daily wages, but he knows the carpenter's trade, and every spare moment he has, he puts on the house. It is finished now, and would have cost him between four and five thousand dollars. As it is, it has cost him only the land—six or seven hundred dollars—and the actual material he has put into it. So I believe thoroughly in the manual training departments which our high schools are putting in, because they give the boys an opportunity to learn a trade; and, in case something should happen in their business ventures,—if they engage in business—they will have something to fall back upon.

“But opportunities to engage in business are vastly more plentiful now than they were in my younger days. A hundred new vocations have arisen, and the older ones have opened out into finer possibilities. The principles of success, though, are the same as they always have been.

“In business, as in everything else that the hands and brain of man find to do, good luck is but old-fashioned good management.”



A LONELY TRAIL IN THE UINTAHS.

A Word to Dramatic Clubs.

BY HORACE G. WHITNEY, DRAMATIC AND MUSIC EDITOR OF THE
"DESERET NEWS."

In a few years—to be exact, on March 8, 1912—that historic temple of the drama, the Salt Lake Theatre, will celebrate its fiftieth birthday. Founded by President Brigham Young, as a place where amusement and instruction might be blended, and the talents of the community encouraged, the old house, almost the only survivor of its contemporaries throughout the land, still stands as a monument to the far sightedness, enterprise and liberality of the great leader and his pioneer associates.



HORACE G. WHITNEY.

What mutations and changes in the drama, what ebbs and flows in the public taste, the old theatre has witnessed during those fifty years! It was erected in the middle of the three decades which I always think of as the really golden period in the history of the American drama, the fifties, sixties, and seventies, a period that saw the advent of our Forrests, Booths, McCulloughs, Barretts, Keenes, Adamses, Jeffersons, Cushmanes, Neilsons, Haynes, Andersons, and of our never-to-be-forgotten New York, Boston and San Francisco stock companies. Dating from such a period, small wonder is it that the Salt Lake Theatre should be regarded by many in the community not only as a monument to its pioneer builders, but as a reminder of the days when the drama stood for something real, and often-

times, as a protest against the inanity, purposelessness and indecency to which the theatre of today has descended.

It takes a visit from some such rare player as Robert Mantell, whose recent round of productions came like a revivifying breath from the good old dramatic days, to call sharply to our minds the vast gulf that separates the stage of the present from that of the days of our fathers. It was a reminder of the vanished best in the drama, of the sort of theatrical fare on which our fathers and mothers were fed, of the class of entertainments that caused the Salt Lake Theatre to be built. Let us hope that such a vision of what the drama ought to be, and might be, with proper encouragement, will bear fruit in the minds of those who were fortunate enough to behold it.

Mournful though the admission is, it must be said that in Salt Lake, as elsewhere, the taste for the cheap, frothy, and aimless, in both drama and music, has reached almost the lowest ebb. The flood of variety entertainments, moving pictures, sensational plays and plays whose themes skirt on the indecent, has literally submerged the public taste, and it might be thought, in viewing the patronage often bestowed on the few really meritorious attractions which visit us from time to time, has totally obliterated the desire for the clean, pure, and uplifting on the stage. In one Salt Lake theatre there has regularly been presented, for some months past, a spectacle which is surely without a parallel. I refer to the episodes, not seen once, twice or thrice, but many times, when an actor has appeared in a state of intoxication before audiences of ladies and young people who, nevertheless, throng the theatre when he appears, and who never seem to know when they are insulted. Such a thing would have been impossible not many years ago, and that it goes on now without arousing particular comment or protest, affords an eloquent comment on the status which has been reached by actors, managers and audiences alike.

Every one who has followed the trend of public amusements of late years must rejoice to note the awakening which is taking place in the midst of the Latter-day Saints in regard to this subject. It is especially fitting that the hand of guidance and correction should be extended from the Mutual Improvement Associa-

tions of the Church; that they can exert a powerful influence, there can be no two opinions. Nearly every ward has its amusement committee, appointed by the bishopric, and regularly sustained by the people at their conferences, with the other ward officials. These committees are powerful agencies, and if the Mutual Improvement Associations work in harmony with them, as they should do, great good can be accomplished. These amusement committees ought to be made up of bright, wide awake minds, of young men and women who, if possible, have had experience in music, the drama or art of some class; those who know the good from the bad, who are in touch with what is going on in the world, who read, and who keep in communication with dramatic societies, clubs, or the other wards of greater age and experience, who are trying to exercise an elevating influence in the productions they put forward. To uplift, to instruct, at the same time that they amuse, ought to be their motto. Nothing is more painful to the discerning mind than to see in our missionary farewells, for instance, selections from the rag time, slang, or trivial classes of music.

In our musical renditions especially, care should be taken to secure selections of a higher grade than that which we often use. It is pleasant to note that the published programs of the joint meetings of the Mutual Improvement Associations on the first Sunday of each month, show an improvement over those of only a short time ago. The ward authorities, who are accustomed to leave the choice of these numbers to the younger officials of the associations, should see that there is a kindly censorship exercised over the class and grade of selections announced for Sunday evening renditions. The careful president and amusement committee, by noting what other wards are doing, from the publication of these programs in the *Deseret News* and the *Improvement Messenger*, can soon become posted as to what represents the best in the list of renditions, and learn the class that ought to be avoided.

The amateur dramatic clubs and societies which are constantly springing up throughout the Church, especially in the wards which are provided with suitable amusement halls, deserve encouragement, but they need, at the same time, the guiding hand

of an experienced mentor, and if they have not such a one at their head or among their number, they ought to be required to work in harmony with, and under the direction of the amusement committee of their wards. There is so much to be avoided, such a wilderness of trash from which to choose, that the inexperienced are almost certain to select the wrong thing in making their choice of a play on which to begin work. Assuming that the local forces have only a fair amount of histrionic talent, there is a limitless field of standard plays, short or long, easy or difficult, suited to all grades, from which selection can be made. These are published at prices within the reach of all, and catalogues describing what the plays are like, naming the number of characters, describing the scenery, costumes, etc., required, can be obtained without any charge whatever. Those who have had experience along those lines, know where such catalogues and plays can be obtained. To such as have not, a letter to the Deseret News Book Store, which maintains a play department and has close relations with the leading dramatic publishers, or to the dramatic or music instructor of the University of Utah, the Latter-day Saints' University in Salt Lake, the Brigham Young University of Provo, or the Agricultural College of Logan, will bring the necessary advice and counsel as to the proper steps to be taken. While you are choosing, let me advise that the widest of berths be given to the "blood and thunder" dramas, plays of gore and revenge, and dramas or comedies in which the sex problem is made to play a leading part, and that preference be given to the clean English comedies and dramas, such as Robertson and Henry J. Byron delighted the world with a few years ago. Such plays as *Our Boys*, *Uncle*, *Sweethearts*, *School*, *Caste*, *Engaged*, *Home*, etc., are samples of good language and interesting plots, and they point a clean and healthy moral at the same time.

A very entertaining and instructive evening's entertainment, and one that gives opportunity to a large amount of talent, is to arrange a concert program interspersed with recitations, vocal and instrumental music, etc., as a first part, and to conclude with a comedy or farce which runs thirty or forty minutes. There is an endless field from which to choose of such works; one act pieces that can be recommended are such as *My Turn Next*,

Lend me Five Shillings, A Clerical Error, The Highland Legacy, Old Cronies, A Cup of Tea, The Happy Pair, Barbara, Sunset, My Milliner's Bill, Comedy and Tragedy, Drifted Apart, etc. A number of these are serious and should not be attempted unless the talent selected to portray them is of a high character. One act operas and operettas are also most pleasant forms of amusement, and correspondence with any of the leading music firms will bring a list of works well within the average company's ability to render.

If your society or club is older and more experienced and can depend upon the financial patronage that will justify it, copyrighted plays such as *Esmeralda, Hazel Kirke, Young Mrs. Winthrop, the Banker's Daughter, Confusion, The Private Secretary, The Silver King, An American Citizen, The Money Spinner, etc.*, can all be recommended, though some of them require special scenery.

And while on the subject of these copyrighted plays, let me add this remark, that the dramatic organizations among the Latter-day Saints should take their stand on the side of those who accord to the authors of these plays their undoubted right to be paid for the products of their brains. The law protects the author who copyrights his play, just as it does the inventor who patents his invention, and the man, woman, or society who appropriates the ideas of an author, simply violates the commandment which says, "Thou shalt not steal." The land is full of pirates and unauthorized agents who sell stolen versions of standard plays at "cut rates." If you are ambitious to produce copyrighted plays, deal with the author or his representative; the old Home Dramatic Club, of which ex-Governor Wells and Bishop O. F. Whitney were once members, established itself strongly with the foremost dramatic publishers of the country by paying the due royalties to the authors of the copyrighted plays they brought out, and it is pleasant to know that the various ambitious productions of the dramatic departments of our several state and Church universities and colleges, are all made after due and proper arrangements with the owner of the plays. The laborer is worthy of his hire.

Editor's Table.

Masquerade Balls.

The question of whether it is proper to hold masquerade balls has arisen in one of the stakes of Zion. It is reported that, much against the wishes of the stake authorities, some of the wards have, nevertheless, held these balls, and the brethren wish to know what the general authorities think of masquerade balls, and the advisability of holding them.

The advice and counsel of the First Presidency, from the beginning to the present time, has always been against masquerade balls and masquerade gatherings of any kind. We trust that this counsel is generally understood and adhered to throughout the Church.

There are so many safer and more respectful amusements that it doesn't seem reasonable that anyone should wish to endanger the morals of the young people by even suggesting a masquerade. This particular kind of amusement had its origin in the courts of kings, where moral degeneracy was not uncommon. The mask enabled the vicious princes to hide their corruption, while it gave license to evil men and women to commit licentiousness such as even the most wicked and vile among them were ashamed to engage in without the protection of the mask.

This class of amusement became especially prevalent in public entertainments in Italy about the close of the middle ages. It was introduced into England by Henry VIII, whose tyranny, natural violence and evil practices are universally detested, but which were fit consorts of the mask. Masquerades have continued, with more or less popularity, unto the present, and are now com-

mon accompaniments to the carnival, where indulgences of the sensual appetites are generally given full sway. The nearest approach, however, to this species of entertainment which English law and taste permit in this day, is fancy costumes, without the facial mask. Undoubtedly the reason for this is that from their nature masked amusements, so-called, are peculiarly liable to abuse.

The mask is found in dens of infamy and vice; it has its home there. It is a means used by the harlot and procurer to cover shame and to practice evil. Its use has no redeeming feature. It is repulsive in every way. There is nothing clean nor attractive about it.

For these and other reasons the mask-ball has no place among the amusements of the Latter-day Saints, where every action must be open and above board, and where virtue, purity and fidelity are prevailing characteristics.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

Stay at Home.

Perhaps due to hereditary inclinations in remote ancestry, there is a restlessness in the race, at this season of the year, which stirs the blood. It fills people with an often irresistible desire to move to new places, and with a longing for new environment. But let us read the sentiment in Longfellow's song:

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where,
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

You are tired of the old environments, the old home, the old farm, the old surrounding country. But, in most cases, you are doing about as well right where you are, as you could do in a new place. Don't be in a hurry to answer the roaming call. A story is told of a man who, when he felt the lazy spells coming on him,

to which he was subject, and which caused him to hate his work and wish to run away from it, took his saw and worked hard for an hour sawing oak wood. By that time his back and arm were so tired that his other work seemed so light and easy that he returned thankfully to his accustomed task. Take an hour off, when the moving desire comes, and walk out in the field, up on the near hill, on the steep mountain side. Exert yourself until you are very tired, then go home and rest, and sing the old song.

Disappointment comes so easily and soon, in changing home, that only for the very best of reasons should it ever be undertaken—ill-health, or financial betterment. And then only after carefully weighing the conditions and probable results.

Some people become so accustomed to their crude surroundings that they fail to see how beautiful, how profitable, how rich these could be made with just a little energy expended in the right direction. And, also, they see no good qualities in their neighbors, when a little interest in them, and a little service rendered, would change the whole situation. It would tend to make the would-be roamer feel that no other people, and no other spot on the earth, can ever quite supply what home provides.

Young men who earn salaries should make it a point to invest their savings in land in the vicinity of their own homes, if possible. It is the safest and best investment that can be made. It is sure to increase in value and bring big returns. As it is best to stay at home, so it is best to invest at home. You can then know what you are getting, if you have the wisdom to see the undeveloped riches at your doors.

Just recently, a community invested thousands of dollars in a far-away stock land-scheme, at the solicitation of an attractive solicitor. Sage-brush land by the thousands of acres, right at their doors, could have been bought for ten and fifteen dollars per acre, but it had no attraction for them. Only a year or two later a canal was projected, and strangers came thousands of miles to buy the discarded sage-land, which is now scarce at sixty and one hundred dollars per acre, and owned by new settlers. The old settlers may or may never receive a reasonable percent on what they invested afar off, but they have lost the four and five hundred per cent which they might have had on their home invest-

ment. It is best to stay at home, and to develop the uncounted resources that lie at our own doors.

God has given us a glorious land, full of material riches, laden with opportunity, and rich in healthful environment. Let us think well before we change these for new, before we give up familiar and cherished scenes and tried and trusted friends for new environment and strange associates. To say nothing of other things—the need of developing the land and fortifying our strength in the stakes of Zion,—the chances are that the energy put forth in tearing up and moving, if used in the direction of improvement and betterment of our present surroundings, would bring us more satisfaction and greater returns than we would ever receive from the contemplated change. Stay at home, and if you have means to invest buy farm-land at reasonable prices and cultivate it—is good counsel to young men.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

April 6.

For the marvelous incidents clustering about this day every Latter-day Saint has reason to be sincerely thankful. On this day, the probable birthday of the Messiah, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was regularly organized and established by command of God and agreeable to the laws of our glorious land of liberty, peace and plenty. By the will and commandment of God, also, Joseph Smith the prophet had been previously called and ordained the first elder, and inspired of the Holy Ghost to lay the foundations of the Church, and to build it up unto the most holy faith.

For this divine call, and the wonderful events that have resulted, let us thank our Heavenly Father. To him also be thanks for the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ contained in the Book of Mormon—this record of a fallen people, this witness of the truth of the gospel and the holy scriptures—translated by Joseph through power given him from on high. Thanks for the testimony that God calls and inspires men and women for his marvelous work in our day and age, as in generations of old. Thanks

for the lives of these, his servants, who suffered, fought, and endured, until at length they entered the promised land in full faith and with steadfast testimony. Thanks for those who have arisen in power to fill their places. Thanks for the growth and strength of the Church, and for the deliverance it has wrought. That, through the priesthood, such faith and spiritual power is asserted among men as was never witnessed since the scenes enacted upon the shores of Galilee. That the poor have heard and found the gospel of spiritual peace, and that many have established their temporal heritage in this land of ineffable glory where the triumph of truth has set the captives free. And none are alien to these blessings who believe, repent, worship the Father in Jesus' name, and do the works of righteousness. The promise is, they shall receive a crown of everlasting life. Because of the resulting events of this day, we are planted of the Lord in the peaceful valleys where our feet tread the ways of pleasantness. Our Heavenly Father has taken fear and bondage from us, and guided us beside the still waters, where the mountains drop riches and the fields yield in abundance. Praise and thanks be to his holy name.

Messages from the Missions.

The Swedish mission has 25 branches, 70 missionaries, with a total membership of 2,182, including 278 children. During the year 1909, there were 140 baptisms, 275,399 tracts distributed, 42,624 books sold, 167,399 families visited in tracting, and 3,027 meetings held.

The Scandinavian mission reports six conferences. For the year 1909 there were 368 baptisms; there is a total membership, including 701 children, of 3,005. There are 39 branches, and 132 missionaries. During the year, 805,976 tracts were distributed, and 24,310 books sold, while 471,569 families were visited in tracting.

President Charles A. Callis, of the Southern States mission, reports 987 baptisms, and 637 children blessed, in that mission, for 1909. There are thirteen conferences, and during the year one new branch was

organized, and four Sunday schools. Sales of the Book of Mormon numbered 3,528, other standard works 1,263, and other books 36,540. The total number of tracts distributed were 366,549; 46,911 copies of *Liahona*, the *Elders' Journal*, were distributed, and 1,242 subscriptions obtained.

Elder D. M. Powelson, Cork, Ireland, writes, February 20: "The IMPROVEMENT ERA makes such an impression for good on strangers to our religion, that I find it a splendid means of introducing the gospel among that class of people. Its moral teachings are of such high standard that wherever it is read I find it leaves a deep impression for good. I have passed my copies to numerous persons, until some of the copies are almost worn out with use. In all cases those who have read them express the idea that the IMPROVEMENT ERA is one of the best literary magazines that has fallen into their hands. Persons who read the ERA soon lose faith in the falsehoods spread abroad about the Latter-day Saints—when they see that the official organ of the Priesthood Quorums and the M. I. A. is putting forth such admirable teachings."



NORTHERN STATES MISSION.

The office force and President, January 10, 1910, whose address is 110 So. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

Priesthood Quorums' Table.

Origin of Man.—“In just what manner did the mortal bodies of Adam and Eve come into existence on this earth?” This question comes from several High Priests' quorums.

Of course, all are familiar with the statements in Genesis 1: 26, 27; 2: 7; also in the Book of Moses, Pearl of Great Price, 2: 27; and in the Book of Abraham 5: 7. The latter statement reads: “And the Gods formed man from the dust of the ground, and took his spirit (that is, the man's spirit) and put it into him; and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.”

These are the authentic statements of the scriptures, ancient and modern, and it is best to rest with these, until the Lord shall see fit to give more light on the subject. Whether the mortal bodies of man evolved in natural processes to present perfection, through the direction and power of God; whether the first parents of our generations, Adam and Eve, were transplanted from another sphere, with immortal tabernacles, which became corrupted through sin and the partaking of natural foods, in the process of time; whether they were born here in mortality, as other mortals have been, are questions not fully answered in the revealed word of God. For helpful discussion of the subject, see IMPROVEMENT ERA, Vol. XI, August 1908, No. 10, page 778, article, “Creation and Growth of Adam;” also article by the First Presidency, “Origin of Man,” Vol. XIII, No. 1, page 75, 1909.

The Holy Sacrament.—“Is it, or is it not, proper for an elder passing the sacrament, to refuse to give it to one he knows to be unworthy of partaking of it?”

It is the duty of the bishop solely to sit in judgment in such a case. By the authority vested in the bishop, as a high priest, the sacrament is administered. It is in his charge; and if there are members in the congregation who are unworthy of the sacrament, it is the duty of the bishop, and no one else, to sit in judgment in such a case. Therefore it is not proper for an elder to refuse any person the sacrament, unless he has previously been instructed to do so by the bishop of the ward. But, if the elders who administer the sacrament know of persons in the con-

gregation who are unworthy to partake of it, it is their duty to so report to the bishop, and await the bishop's instruction (read III Nephi 18: 28-30).

Active High Priests.—President Nathaniel V. Jones, of the High Priests' Quorum of the Granite Stake of Zion, has carefully compiled a report received from the high priests in charge of the nineteen wards of that stake, from which it appears that there are 336 high priests in the Granite Stake of Zion, 30 of whom are stake officers and 57 bishops and counselors; there are 111 engaged in Sunday school, Mutual Improvement and other Church work, outside of the bishoprics; 88 who are 70 years of age and upwards, and there are 9 patriarchs in the stake. Of infirm, and such as are unable to do much work, there are 19; and 57 out of the total number are not at all employed in priesthood or Church duties. It appears, also, from this report, that there are 181 high priests in the stake who attend the weekly priesthood meetings.

To the Seventies' Quorums:—The First Council is advised that the Deseret News Book Store is getting out a second edition of Elder N. L. Nelson's *Preaching and Public Speaking*; also that the book, after having been thoroughly revised by the author, has been read critically by a committee suggested by the First Presidency, and been duly accepted as worthy the study of all who expect to take part in the ministry of the Latter-day Saints.

Now, while the first requisite of a Latter-day Saint preacher is a testimony of the gospel, and the second, a wide range of facts and truths to sustain that testimony, these prime qualifications become effective only to the extent that he can envoke and hold the attention of his audience. In other words, his effectiveness will depend, to a very large extent, upon his method of presentation. In this respect, Elder Nelson's book will be found helpful. We, therefore, cordially recommend it to the seventies generally, and especially to those preparing for missions.

Sunny Natures.—To be a successful governor, and an attractive teacher of young men, one must have not only firmness, a keen sense of right, and love for the members of the class, but also a sunny disposition. Who can estimate the value of a nature so sunny that it attracts everybody! Everybody wants to get near sunny people; everybody likes to know them. They open, without effort, doors which morose natures are obliged to pry open with great difficulty, or perhaps cannot open at all. Teachers of deacons quorums should be sought who have these qualifications. To find them is a great work for the bishops. When found they will solve to a great extent the grave question of order, or disorder, now so uppermost in many of the quorums.

Mutual Work.

Committee of Control Deseret Gymnasium.

The Committee of Control of the Deseret Gymnasium were appointed Wednesday, March 16, at a meeting of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A., by the First Presidency, as follows:

Hyrum M. Smith, chairman, B. F. Grant, Thomas Hull, of the Y. M. M. I. A.; Willard Young, B. S. Hinckley, A. B. Christensen, of the L. D. S. University; Stephen L. Richards, J. F. Bennett, Milton Bennion, of the Sunday School Union Board; and J. M. Knight, Sylvester Q. Cannon, George R. Emery, and John M. Cannon, of the Ensign, Pioneer, Salt Lake and Granite Stake Presidencies.

The order of appointment is signed by Presidents Joseph F. Smith and Anthon H. Lund, and John Henry Smith, of the Council of Twelve.

Programs for Quarterly Conjoint Meetings.

A topic which the stake officers should take up immediately is the matter of providing programs suitable for the quarterly conjoint meetings. The M. I. A. has been given the Sunday evening of the quarterly conferences of the stakes for use in the interests of the work of the Improvement Associations. In these quarterly meetings there should be a short report given by the stake superintendents of the condition of the organizations, for the enlightenment of the public and the visiting brethren and sisters. These reports should be concise, short, clear and definite, as far as possible. Provisions should be made also for a program consisting of one selection from the Young Men and one from the Young Ladies, which should reflect the work and the studies taken up in the manuals of these organizations. Besides, there should be a suitable musical program, and such other exercises as will fit the occasion. In case there are no visitors, it is expected that the stake officers will appropriately occupy the remainder of the time presenting to the people such instructions and explanations as will enable them to understand more fully the object of the associations and the labors that we are endeavoring to perform, as well as the various divisions of our work that we are seeking to establish.

Passing Events.

High prices of the necessities of life is being made the subject of special investigation by the United States Congress. The cost of production, the profits of the middlemen and the retailer, the effect of combinations, the charges for transportation, and the effect of the tariff, with other points related to the question, will enter into the investigation.

Mine disasters in the United States, during the months of December, January and February, were the cause of the death of 416 miners. An explosion at Primero, Colorado, January 31, killed 75 miners; and on the 1st. of February, 35 miners were killed and 15 injured by an explosion in a coal mine in Drakesboro, Kentucky.

The state statistics of Utah, as compiled by H. T. Haines, state statistician, shows that during the year 1908, 10,069 babies were born in the state, and that during the same year there were 4,062 deaths, as against 3,866 for 1909. In 1908 there were 4,120 marriages; in 1909, 4,500 marriages. The divorces for 1908 numbered 493, and for 1909, 530.

St. Gauden's Statue of Phillips Brooks, which is a gift of the people of Boston, was recently unveiled in that city and stands against the east wall of Trinity, on Copley Square. At this writing the merits of the monument are under critical discussion in the classical city. This sculpture was the last work of St. Gaudens. Phillips Brooks, the preacher of the word of God and the lover of mankind, was born in Boston in 1835, and died in that city in 1893. A sentence from one of his sermons to the boys is well worth preservation and adoption by every young man in the land. It was given to the ERA by a mother who selected it and enjoined it upon every one of her sons to make it the motto of his life. It reads: "Be such a man, live such a life, that if every man were a man like you, and every life a life like yours, this earth would be God's paradise."

Parley Doney Parkinson, of Preston, Idaho, is the youngest student in the West Point Military Academy. He entered the Academy

March 1, having been named by Senator William E. Borah. He passed



PARLEY DONEY PARKINSON.

the necessary examination, with exceptionally high rating, before a U. S. army examining board, at Fort Slocum, N. Y., January 12, where he was found mentally and physically equipped for appointment to the great military school. He had just passed the age of seventeen years when he entered, which is the youngest age at which a person can be appointed. Parley is a son of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Parkinson, his father being president of the Oneida stake. He is a graduate of the public schools, and received additional instruction in the Oneida stake academy, at Preston, and later studied at the Highland Falls Military Training School, N. Y.

Emmeline B. Wells, familiarly and lovingly known as "Aunt Emm" celebrated her eighty-second anniversary on February 28. It was really not her birthday, for this gifted and honored lady was born on that unusual day, the twenty-ninth of February, and has, therefore, had only nineteen birthdays. Sister Wells must



EMMELINE B. WELLS.

have lived according to the admonition of him who wrote, "If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should not grow old," for though these many years she has worn a crown of silver hair, her spirit has remained beautifully young. It is indeed a delight to listen to her bright conversation and repartee. The Relief Society, the organization in which she has worked for many years past with such untiring zeal, gave an open reception in her honor, on her anniversary, and many hundred friends availed themselves of this opportunity to show

her their love and esteem. The beautiful suite of rooms in the Bishop's Building, occupied by the Relief Society, was thrown open and the general officers of the society acted as a reception committee. There were flowers in great abundance, delightful music and dainty refreshments, but the charm of the occasion was the exquisite little woman, clad in a pale blue silk gown, of Utah weave, gracefully receiving her friends with an apt, kind and affable expression of love for one and all. For several years past Sister Wells has been foremost among women along many lines of work,—suffrage, philanthropy, social reform, politics and literature. She has helped many an aspiring young man and young woman in the literary field, and now, in silver age, is still an inspiration to all who know her. Her high intelligence and innate refinement have cast an atmosphere around her that breathes its sweet influence wherever she goes. Sweet poet, true friend, noble woman, God's choicest blessings attend you ever!

Joseph Smith Tanner died in Payson, January 27, 1910, in the 77th year of his age. His passing removes from this life a man of remarkable energy and a striking character. Those who knew Payson's bishop forty years ago will call to mind the prominence of Joseph Tanner,



JOSEPH SMITH TANNER.

Died January 29, 1910.

not only in that community, but in the remembrances of thousands who knew him before the railroads in the territory had made their way as far south as Payson. His home was a 'mile-stone' in the travels of thousands between the south and Salt Lake City, and it is not outside the truth to say that there was throughout southern Utah not a better known man, nor a man more highly respected than he was. Joseph S. Tanner was a man of great force, and represented in a striking manner the character of the early founders of our commonwealth. From his childhood to his mature manhood he was occupied in the frontier life of the people. His constant movements gave him little or no opportunity for an education. He learned by doing, and his experiences covered a wide field of usefulness. Possessed of enormous physical powers, in all classes of manual labor, he was easily a leader among his fellows. A discriminat-

ing judgment caused him to be always respected by the large number who acknowledged his leadership. In the palmy days of his life his flocks and his herds and his land kept him strenuously engaged in the accumulation of the material affairs of life. He was the father of thirty-one children, and a grand patriarch in Zion. What, perhaps, most people will remember of this remarkable man is the almost unparalleled hospitality of his home. He was a generous provider, and dispensed with a joyful liberality the freedom and helpfulness of his home, which was a wayside inn gratuitously provided for the thousands who traveled through the town over which he presided as bishop for so many years. To those who knew the man intimately, who were his associates in the business affairs of his life, his sterling integrity will always be appreciated. No man ever doubted his word. He was prompt in the fulfillment of every obligation; and the trust reposed in him by the community over which he presided was as absolute as it was inspiring. Everybody that knew him, knew where to find him upon every question involving morality, integrity and financial honor, and he was not easily moved from what he had taken to be paths of honor.

What his position in life would have been had he enjoyed such opportunities of education as are afforded the present generation, can be but a matter of speculation. As he grew in power and influence, he felt more keenly the disadvantages that come from the want of an educational training; and the sympathetic and generous interest he therefore took in the mental equipment of his children has won for him the admiration of those who appreciate the blessings of an education. His life is a beautiful example to every young man who believes in the gospel of work, and the great progress that comes from the wise expenditure of abundant energy. One of the founders of our commonwealth, he shared the hardships of pioneer days, and cheerfully took part in many of the most difficult tasks which fell to the lot of the men who blazed the way to our good fortunes, and to our triumphs of material prosperity.

Elder Charles P. Anderson, President of the Gothenborg conference, Sweden, writes, January 19: "We have moved from Linnegatan 68 to Husargatan 17, Gothenborg. The work of the Lord is making some progress here. We are making many friends, if not many converts. Many believe our doctrines, but are very cautious about joining the Church by baptism. We are hopeful that the new year will bring greater results to our cause than the year past."

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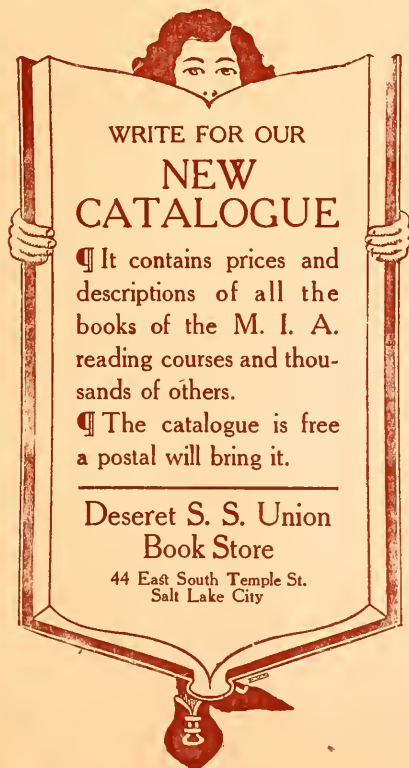
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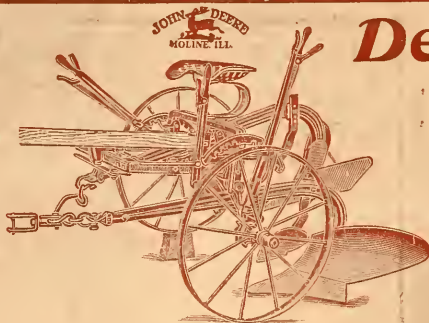
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